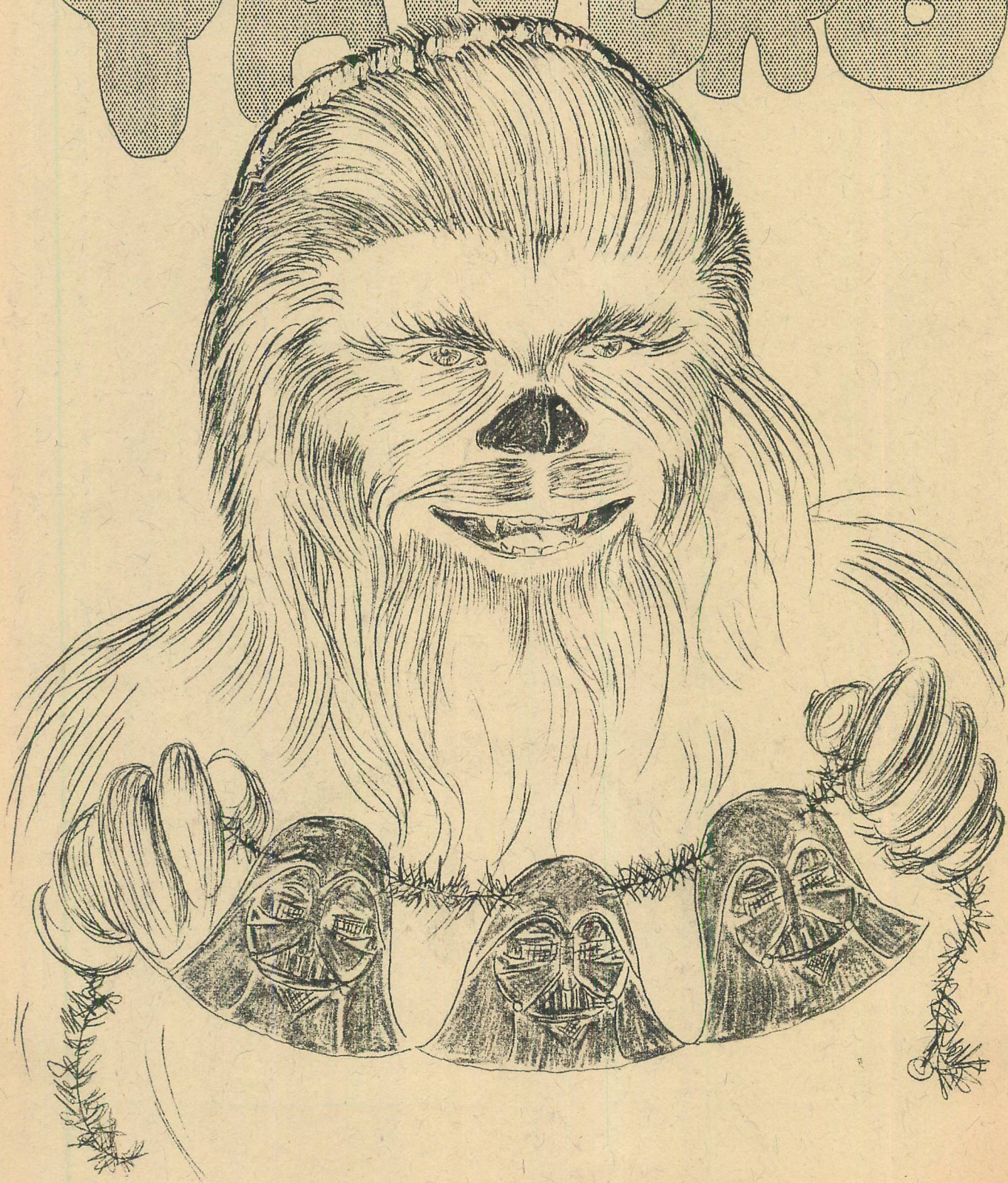
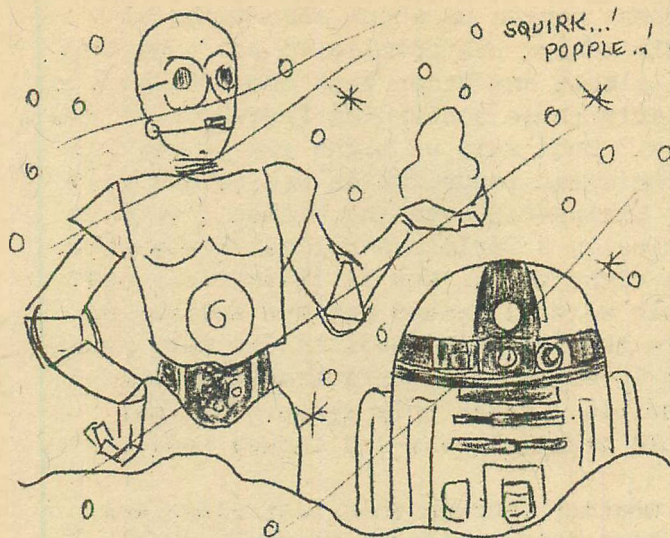


YANPONO



YOU'RE RIGHT, R-2: TATOOINE AND THE JAWAS
WERE BETTER THAN THIS....



YANDRO 2

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COVER AND ALL INTERIOR ART BY JWC. (That ought to satisfy all you people who have been saying she didn't have enough art of her own in here.)

"Indiana Declared Disaster"newspaper headline (They've finally realized it.)

NEW ADDRESSES:

Jeffrey May, 3231 Broadway, Kansas City, MO 64111
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Jackie Causgrove and Dave Locke, 3650 Newton #15, Torrance, CA 90505
Dave Hulan, 3313 S. Park Drive, Santa Ana, CA 92707
Hank Davis, 363 Aylesford Place #6, Lexington, KY 40508 (if he's still there....)
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Canada
Randy Reichardt, 833 Henday Hall, Lister Hall, 116th. St. and 87th. Ave., Edmonton,
Alberta, T6G 2H6, Canada
415 Willowdale Ave. #1812, Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, Canada. (No, I'm not sure who
this is, since there wasn't any previous address given to check by; the sig-
nature looks like it might be "Taral", though I wouldn't risk money on that
identification, so I guess it's Taral Wayne MacDonald.)

Public apologies to Randy Reichardt, Ben Solon, and Dan Story for losing your sub-
scriptions. I found my notes (I'd put them away very carefully, but not in the cor-
rect place.)

I'll review it next issue, but I might mention that the fancy hardcover edition of
FRANK KELLY FREAS: THE ART OF SCIENCE FICTION is well worth the \$29.95 price. Or,
if you don't want a hardcover with slipcase, there is now a pb edition on sale for
considerably less money.
RSC



back. Where is it written ... ?

Between battling various vagaries of the weather (though this last siege was ridiculous - 16 inches of snow?), what have I been doing which so prevents my getting at a mimeo? Well, as Buck says, waiting for him to finish book reviews, partially. And before that, waiting for him to finish reviewing fanzines, which was an ordeal for bystanders considerably worse than coping with him trying to complete a manuscript in his "spare" time. Fanzine reviewing pays poorly. The air was thick with comments similar to "pounding sand down a rathole" and points left. We're all glad that is over, and the subscribers to Y may well be too, since it chewed up close to three months of time that could have been put to use here. There was gardening of course (beans and tomatoes were terrific; corn barely there, squash a disaster, and a boar ate the popcorn before we could harvest it, for those who are interested). With gardening comes preserving the results, which also takes time, a lot of it. Oh yes, in the interim I also completed a fantasy manuscript in the 120-130,000 word range. Got it in the mail before Chambacon, but haven't heard yet whether it's acceptable to the editors. More news when I have it.

Somewhere in the flurry of being chained to a typewriter, when I wasn't chained to a paring knife and a canner kettle and packing boxes to load for the freezer, along came Windyeon. Getting there turned out to be incredibly hairy. We were told the molasses traffic on the Tri-State was because of rain, but we've been driving up to visit the DeWeeses for decades (or a decade and a half), in all sorts of weather and at all times of day, and we'd never encountered anything remotely like that. The hotel was awesomely posh (though there were times when we doubted we'd ever get to it at all, but live and die on the Tri-State Tollway and never be heard from again); Zenith tvs in midway bureaus in all the rooms, carpeting you could drown in, etc. And a rather labyrinthine layout to find the con functions. I'm not sure fandom is quite ready for that much overwhelmingness. Better weatherr would help, if it's held there next year. The art show was very nice. And having filkers as con chairmen helps immeasurably in getting good places to sing; I must say that chandeliered ballroom was one of the most impressive spreads we filkers have ever had. (But it is unnerving to be blessed with my elephant lungs and realize I'm singing the length of a fifty-foot room, into a row of chandeliers and a H*U*G*E mirror at the far end, and starting to get echoes. Fortunately, I didn't not also get the shattering sound of breaking glass...but I worried a bit.) There were many good people and much fun, and too bad we came up-missing other good folk like Gene Wolfe and AJ Budrys and Tucker and all. Again, maybe next year.

Once back in the trackless wilderness of backcountry Indiana, it was back to the canner kettle and the typewriter again, more of the latter than the former from Windyeon on.

Aside from all the jazz about creative endeavor and the muse and the burning

As is obvious, in various mentions thru-out this issue, it's been a long lapse between publications, so much so some subscribers nagged us about absconding with their money. We promise we won't do that. But almost any other bets are off, particularly those concerning frequency of issues. Buck said we might try to get out a Christmas issue, which was before the sky unzipped over the Midwest; this is nominally a Christmas-Holiday-NewYear issue right here. Now it is entirely possible we will indeed get out another before the Dec 31st deadline (to save postage investment). Not guaranteed, but possible. Watch this space. So that would make two year-end issues back-to-

urge to WRITE, there is an eminently practical reason for wanting to tell stories for fun...profit; I indulged myself in a slice of past and future earnings for five years either way and succumbed to the lure of videotaping. I have always been very visually oriented, since I used to wallow in three double-features every Saturday when I was an adolescent (and younger, when I could get away with that much allowance and time). And like a good many viewers, I've been frustrated by conflicting programming on the commercial and PBS channels...plus I've always wished I could accumulate a permanent library of my favorite sf and other films. The temptation of a bargain clinched the deal, but I find more things to like about the Sanyo as time goes on. It's tough and tolerates my goof-ups, and its tape speed is among the fastest, at 2.91 ips on standard mode and 1.54 on lp (figures courtesy Kay Anderson's research)...which means if I choose to record a program in standard, on playback I'm for all purposes seeing the original show (and I'm a nit-picker about fidelity of line and color); in lp, on an aging tv set, I get a bit of wiggle at the top of the screen, quite ignorable. The convenience of the videotaper really came home during the three weeks while I was finishing the fantasy manuscript. I didn't take any breaks, or very few, but I didn't miss things I wanted to see on PBS or the networks; it took me until this week to play back, at leisure, all the saved-up tapes I'd recorded on timer in that period. Very luxurious. I even found a PBS program that may go in my permanent VTR library -- an Ed Emshwiller experimental, videotaped program from PBS. I've been zonked by his explorations of textures and colors and music on films since he introduced "Dance Chromatic" at a Worldcon years ago. Now I can begin acquiring little gems like that all for myself. It is to gloat.

In case any readers are curious, Dave Locke kindly did not name the hospital involved in his horror story in this issue's column. Probably that saves us from threatening legal letters and all, but it's a pity he couldn't, all the same; people should be warned away from places like that. In that institution, I believe ICU must stand for Incompetent Care... It outdoes Buck's war with the technician collecting samples for blood tests, the character who seemed to enjoy sticking needles in people and wiggling them around until he found a vein...

To make our readers in sunnier climes feel better, you'll be happy to know this issue is at least a week later, perhaps more, than it would have been otherwise, if the weather hadn't tried to mash us. For some years, large sections of Indiana have tried to say they aren't part of a snow belt; South Bend is, but not the lower regions, they insist. After last winter, which was a monster, the meteorologists assured us that one was a fluke, and it wouldn't happen again in this century. The biggie last winter happened in January and February. Well, if this December is any warning, this winter's January and February ought to be stupendous -- if you happen to be a polar bear or a snowmobiler. We were snowed in again, and thanks to getting hit with two separate storms one day apart, with winds in countering directions, all roads got drifted: the east-west ones on Tuesday of last week, the north-south ones on Thursday and Friday of last week. The governor isn't taking phone calls and the citizens of various cities are threatening to build fires under their city councils. We'd been griping, as usual, about our roads, but actually we can get out. Took two plows working in tandem to break through the drift south of our place, but they finally made it late Saturday night. However, most of the residential streets in little towns like Hartford City and cities like Indianapolis and Ft Wayne are, according to the media, still nearly impassable. So maybe rural living has its advantages. (A small county helps, too; fewer roads for the plows to get to.) It's possible Bruce was trying to deliver a column to us for this issue during that snowstorm, too. (Not likely, but possible.) He drives a route out of Columbus through central Indiana for a cable tv magazine now, and usually stops by on his regular run every two weeks. That was last Tuesday. We later heard from our friendly neighboring farmers that his company car was one of the many they tractor'd out of the monster snowdrift south of us, after which he went on the rest of his route and, we assume, back to Columbus, eventually. Note for Californians: no, we don't have real-for-sure droughts, but I'm not sure you'd enjoy our method of gaining surface water surpluses. Not when the temperature's below freezing. Hoping you are not the same... JWC



It's been several months and a few conventions since the last YANDRO. Apologies. The time shows up most in the book reviews here. I have no intention of making YANDRO into a review journal exclusively, but a lot of books can pile up in 5 months. We will try to not let that happen again. If we're lucky, we might get a small Christmas issue out in addition to this one; there are lots of letters left to be printed, and I promised John Alderson to use his article in this issue - not dreaming at the time that I'd have 21 pages of reviews as well as the long Locke column.

Possibly I'll have a few Hugo recommendations in the next issue, though since I haven't read any of the 1977 stf mags yet, that might be a bit early. But soon. This seems to be the year when reprint mags are trying to make a comeback, though, so since reprints aren't eligible for Hugos anyway, I'll mention them now. ARGOSY published a Special on SCIENCE FICTION, using stories and illustrations from the old SUPER SCIENCE STORIES. A fair selection. The art suffered from being enlarged past its intended size, but Bok, Lawrence, and Finlay came across fairly well. This was 64 pp, bedsheet size. The digest mag, SKY WORLDS, has so far lasted two issues, despite charging an outrageous 75¢ for fiction from the old MARVEL; and the 80 pp plus covers also include either NASA publicity photos or an academic article (both acquired free, in all probability). Second issue has illustrations by Al Williamson and Roy Krenkel, but they looked better the first time around. Fiction is about average for the period in which it was written.

An item for any folksong enthusiasts in the audience is the series of National Geographic records. So far they have issued 8 fancy albums of historical American music; three have been very good and the other 5 have been very bad. Fortunately, one can subscribe to a set with the privilege of returning unwanted selections, which I used freely. The good ones are REBELS AND REDCOATS (with a lot of very good patriotic folksongs that Oscar Brand wrote, probably for this record), SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR (with several I had never heard before and the familiar ones performed well) and STEAMBOAT'S A-COMIN' (same comments as above). If you get a chance, listen.

Somewhere this summer I noted down a comment, but didn't record where I heard or read it. Anyway, someone or other has determined that the average father spends an average of 12 minutes per day with his offspring. As I recall, this is just the time actually spent specifically with them; the times that the whole family is staring glassy-eyed at the tv set or Father is grumpily driving the kids to a school function with his mind somewhere else entirely doesn't count. One is supposed to react in horror, but I started thinking. How much time, really, do you spend in paying attention to any one person? Honestly, now. Leave out the tv-watching, the time when you're both in the house or even in the room together but not really paying attention to one another; you're reading a book or the paper and the other person is doing something else (reading another book, if you're both fans). Or the meals when you're all together but thinking about totally different subjects and not communicating? You're with the person, and you're actually communicating. How much time, on the average? If it's over 12 minutes a day, it had to be someone you really enjoy communicating with. (I expect I spent quite a bit more than that with Bruce while he was home, but then the chess games added quite a bit of time to the total, as chess games will.)

A nearby Hoosier entrepreneur is making money out of the last Presidential election by marketing Jimmy Carter Peanut Brittle. (The first time I noticed it, a woman in the local news stand inquired if it was "genuine". "It certainly is," the owner told her. "Matter of fact, I know the Jimmy Carter who makes it; he lives over on the other side of Muncie.") Anybody who wants a souvenir should remind me just before the next convention I attend - which will be next March, at least.

We did make 6 conventions this year; Marcon, Midwestcon, Rivercon, Minicon, Windycon, and Chambanacon. Which is well above our average. Minicon and Marcon were commented on in past issues. Midwestcon was as usual; possibly not quite as enjoyable for us as some past ones, but that was due to personal problems and not to the con. The same holds for Windycon; it was a nice con, but the 2 hours we spent on the Tri-State Tollway trying to get to it pretty well dulled my anticipation. (Don't hold the next one when it's raining, please.) Rivercon was as good as usual, and after the con we swung west, to drive through a section of southern Indiana I'd heard about but never seen. (I'd been talking idly of moving there some day, and after we saw a highway sign saying "Deer Crossing Next 14 Miles" I think Juanita was a little worried that I might want to move immediately.) The county seat town of English is a fascinating throwback to my childhood, being about the same population (500) as the town I grew up nearby. (And, like my old hometown, it no longer seems to have a doctor in residence, which killed much of my enthusiasm; I prefer being away from people entirely, but when one has diabetes, high blood pressure, and chronic asthma, one must bow to practicality now and then. If Bob Passovoy had decided to become a small-town GP instead of a big-city specialist, we could have set up our own slanshack and quietly starved together.....)

Chambanacon was again pleasant, and I learned something about practical salesmanship there. Gordy Dickson was having an autograph session at a Champaign mall, and recruited some of the con fans to act as shills for him and stir up - or create - a crowd. So I went. Lori Huff offered to take over my huckster table at the con while I was gone - and in the hour or two she was in charge she sold more stuff than I did in the entire rest of the convention. Having a pretty girl at the table really does pay off. (Now I know why the Luttrells always do so well financially at cons.) Anyway, Chambana was good as usual; it and Rivercon are becoming our two favorite conventions. (Or mine, anyway; Juanita likes any opportunity to get out and meet people.) This was the second Chambanacon which featured a blizzard, but we had no problems; the roads were better than they were the last time it happened. (Though the rumors were worse; I was a trifle worried before we left, as was John Miesel, so we drove as far as Indianapolis in company. No problems, though we did see a lot of cars in the ditch.)

Besides the conventions, we've managed to keep busy. Major fannish achievement was finally getting out DEVLINS REVIEW #2. No more of that; in the next issue there will be a page or two of fanzine reviews back in YANDRO, but it won't consist of everything that comes in. From now on, I review what I damnwell please. If you think you deserved a copy of DEVLINS and didn't get one, let me know; copies are being returned frequently for outdated addresses. (And if you simply want to buy a copy, send 75¢ and you'll get one. It's a fanzine full of fanzine reviews, for any readers who haven't been following my gripes about getting it done.)

We had a few visitors here and there, and visited a few people. Summer Miller took me up on my more or less facetious comment about giving her my power of attorney to go collect my prize from the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, and actually collected it. We were speakers at an SFRA Conference, and had our own autographing session in a secondhand book store in Wabash, as well as being on a radio program sponsored by the book store's owner. I interviewed for a post office job, but the closer I got to the job the less appealing it looked. In the end, I wasn't offered the job, tho I might have been if I'd sounded more enthusiastic. (Or I might not have been.) Juanita finished her Babylonian novel - now on sale at your friendly paperback store under the title DARK PRIESTESS - and wrote a swords-and-sorcery novel for Del Rey Books, finishing it just before Chambanacon. Juanita bought a Sanyo videotaper and I acquired a couple of .22 automatic pistols (to protect the videotaper? Well, no; I have a .357 magnum for that. The .22s are for fun.) And we did our usual gardening and I put up a new target backstop and one hot summer night we drove over to Marion and saw "Star Wars" for a second time. First movie I've ever seen twice in a theater, I think. (Well, the first one I've gone deliberately to see twice. I saw something called "Hurricane Smith" 3 times, but that was because it kept being a double feature with a film that I wanted to see.) Mostly I see movies on tv; very seldom do I even go into a theater to see one once.

RSC

DIFUGALTY

"PAIN II"

column by DAVE LOCKE

I'm beginning to get backlogged on pain stories. The basic problem seems to be that I'm too seldom healthy enough to sit down at the typewriter and get them on paper.

For me this is not the Year of the Jackpot. This is the Year of the Basket-case. If I live to see the end of 1977 my biggest worry is that I might not be healthy enough to appreciate it.

Let's start with some minor stuff. The second week of May can be written off as a total loss. A scenario would read this way: On Monday I threw my back out of joint. Tuesday I broke my upper plate (the one in my mouth; so far I don't have one in my head, but keep this space open), and Wednesday I got a mild-to-middling touch of food poisoning (at lunchtime I was invited out to enjoy "the world's best hamburger." The sales manager told me that the bar it was served at was a total dive containing more rednecks per square inch than in all the rest of California put together, but by gosh they served "the world's best hamburger." At 4:00 pm I began to feel myself running down, and by six I knew that I was sick rather than tired. However, the sonuvabitch who took me to that place had caught a plane at 5:00. Good enough for him.). Thursday I spent in the bathroom at my apartment, because of what had happened on Wednesday. Friday I lost my ass at poker. Saturday I was stupid and had a beer; with my system still somewhat out of whack it ran through me like a full glass of double-strength Sal Hepatica.

The next week I was playing tennis and my left foot twisted out from under me. I wound up standing on my ankle, but not for very long. Shortly after that I was standing on my face. Two weeks later and I'm still hobbling.

But those are all minor disasters. Let me tell you about March.

There's a bookcase next to my desk at the office, and I was trying to wrestle a binder out of it. The bookcase wasn't built for three-ring binders. It was built for books. I never do anything the easy way, so I stuffed it with binders. But the one I wanted to pull out at that moment was stuck in there and I was trying to bull it out. Suddenly it sounded like all the knuckles in my left hand cracked, and the fingertips went numb. I mentioned it to my secretary, who was standing there, and she said: "Now don't go having a heart attack on me."

We laughed it off. The numbness went away and I paid it no mind.

A short while later my secretary and one of the Product Managers were in my office and I was asking the guy how he suggested something be handled. While he was talking I suddenly felt increasingly faint, both hands went numb, and I had a tightness in my chest. I said nothing, but I took off my glasses. Then I broke out in a cold sweat, and I took off my tie. Mike noticed nothing awry and went right on talking. If it had been necessary for me to say anything at that point, I wouldn't have been able to. Pam was watching me like a hawk, and apparently was too aghast to say anything.

Finally, Mike got up to leave, after I'd regained enough composure and lost enough pain to end the discussion, and as he stood by the door he asked a question which intimated that I looked like I'd had too good a weekend and was suffering from it.

That's the odd part. Getting up on Monday evening is an event which is usually enough to ruin my entire week. That particularly Monday morning, however, I felt unusually good. Maybe too good. Feeling even slightly good should have led me to believe that something was wrong.

Normally I'm out of it when I wake up. I don't know what time it is, whether it's it's day or night, the season of the year, my name, or whether I even exist. Monday is worse than usual, even, because for two days I have abandoned the discipline of getting up at uncivilized hours.

And I still felt good when I got to the office, a half hour early. Unheard of for a Monday.

At any rate, after Mike asked that question about how good a weekend I must have had, the subject was out in the open and became freely discussed. It was almost unanimously decided, with me the only opposing vote, that I should be hustled over to a doctor. I was ebbing back toward feeling fine, so I said no.

Ten minutes later it hit me again, harder, with all the same sensations as before with the additional feature that my mouth went stark-raving dry. Felt like I'd chugged a bottle of astringent. At that point, I decided I'd better go after all, though I think the fact that I agreed was strictly academic by that time. Mike led me out to the car, and Pam drove me to a doctor.

This is where the Laurel and Hardy routine started. I was again beginning to ebb back to a normal state, but I was shaky. And, oddly enough, the incident didn't scare me at all. For some strange reason it annoyed me. I was no longer in control of myself, and I didn't know why. Instead of being scared, I got mad. Annoyed. Irritated. I was losing time that I wanted to devote to a lot of things. The possibility that I might be losing that time permanently didn't occur to me.

Pam led me up to the receptionist, who asked what the problem was. "Well, apparently he just had a heart attack," Pam told her.

"Has he been here before?" the receptionist said, staring into my pale complexion.

"No."

"Here; have him fill out this form."

I swear to Christ the form was 8 1/2 x 14, printed on both sides on a microelite typeface, and with no margins to speak of. They wanted to know every number that had ever been assigned to me (social security, driver's license, etc.), all significant information about my employment, my parents, and my current well-being ("Do you feel pain at this moment?" "Where is this pain?" "When did you first notice this pain?" "Have you ever had this pain before?"), in addition to my complete medical history, and my mother and father's complete medical history.

After I got about a quarter of the way through it all, which took fifteen minutes if it took anything, Pam exploded like a five-foot-tall hydrogen bomb. Had a small mob of Black Panthers broken through the door they couldn't have caused a greater disturbance than what occurs when my secretary gets pissed off.

As it usually does, the squeaky-wheel approach worked and I was promptly ushered in to see the doctor.

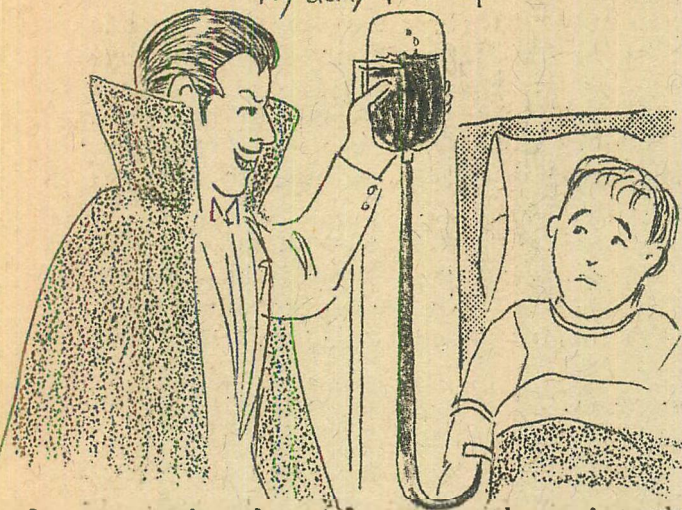
He told her to take me to the hospital, where I wound up spending the better part of two days in the Intensive Care Unit. By the time I got there I was feeling well again, though somewhat weak, and my stay was spent getting run through various tests and being driven crazy by the masses of incompetent people who worked there. (Later someone asked me why I went to that hospital, as: "Everyone who works there is a basket-case." I replied: "Tell me about it.")

Things went wrong right from the start. Three uniformed females deliberated as to whether or not they should shave my chest so that they could more easily attach some gadgets. I sided with the one who thought they could accomplish the job without it, and finally we won, but it was a close call. I'm not much for cultivating a macho image, but I liked my hairy chest just the way it was.

They hooked me up to an IV, but not before they shaved a section of hair in the middle of my left arm and on the back of my hand. Why they did that I don't know, because after they shoved the needle into the back of my hand they taped it into position by wrapping adhesive tape around my wrist at a point in between the two shaven areas.

The IV is a story in itself. After an hour or so I noticed that my blood was beginning to creep up the transparent plastic tubing. Only two or three inches, but

"Don't mind me, I'm just here to make my daily pick-up..."



still climbing. I flagged down a passing nurse and inquired about that, but was told that it wasn't a problem and that I shouldn't worry about it. Not having been confined in a hospital for many years, I had a tendency to almost accept her advice. I mean, what the hell did I know about it, anyway?

An hour later and the blood was about three feet up the tube. For some reason this didn't seem the way it should be, so I flagged down another passing nurse. I told her that logic indicated the fluid in the bottle should be running down into me rather than me running up into it, but she indicated that my concern was groundless and there was no reason to bother myself with such thoughts. Once again I was

almost convinced; at least to the point where I decided that I wouldn't bother asking again.

A little time, and a few tests, passed by, and Pam stopped by to see how the hard-luck case was making out. As soon as she saw my blood starting to creep from the tube into the bottle she went out and came back with a nurse in tow. Pam then pointed an accusing finger at the IV setup and I watched the nurse as Pam suggested, in a subdued manner in deference to the fact that this was the Intensive Care Unit, that matters be corrected as soon as immediately possible or she would personally shove one end of the IV tubing up the nurse's ass until she could grab hold of it and tie it to the other end.

If there's one thing I insist on, it's hiring competent people who can get things accomplished.

The IV was promptly flushed out, and that night they rolled in a machine and ran the tubing through it. The purpose of the machine was to watch the direction of the flow, and to make an obscene noise if my blood started up the tubing again. However, the machine got set off so many times the night shift nurses couldn't get any sleep out at their station, so they handed down the judgment that it was a monumental pain in the ass and they wheeled it out. By morning, my blood was filling up the bottle again.

By night of the first day in ICU, I was feeling perfect. I was tired of the IV, I was tired of pissing in a bottle, I was tired of the fact that I was on a liquid diet which would knock a buzzard off a shit wagon, and I was tired of being wired up to an electronic gadget which measured my heartbeat. My boredom was probably reflected by the fact that I experimented to find out what it took to make significant changes in my heartbeat pattern, as registered on the lighted display of the heart monitor. When Pam and her husband Rick came up to see me that night I was able to create higher peaks, lower dips, jagged peaks with no dips, and wider straight lines, at will. Pam informed me that there was a duplicate heart monitor, for each ICU patient, out at the nurses' station. But no one noticed.

The next day they gave me a lung scan. I got wheeled down to X-ray and they shoved a vacuum cleaner nozzle into my mouth and told me to breathe in some radioactive dust.

The fellow in charge of "Nuclear Medicine" wanted, for some reason, to get the hell out of there, and he was trying to instruct his assistant on the correct procedure. The machine that controlled the experiment looked like a complicated version of an airplane pilot's control board. It had more toggle switches, push-buttons, and dials and knobs than a 747, and the assistant was standing there with a somewhat glazed look on her face as the guy slowly but steadily backed out of the room while issuing instructions. Every few seconds she would interrupt him to ask something like: "Ok.

What happened next, after the responsibility was delegated and the big shot left the room, was that the woman stood in front of a control panel and sucked her finger for thirty seconds. Then, hesitatingly, she threw a switch. Another pause, and she would turn a knob. Her finger would point here, and then there, and then somewhere else, and then it would touch or turn another switch or button or knob. Occasionally the finger would shake a little before it committed itself.

Finally the assistant came back in and I asked her if it was all that wise for me to still be sitting where I was. She replied: "No, I guess that's probably not too good an idea."

That was the next to last test. After I had another chest X-ray, because they screwed up the first one (but charged for both), I got wheeled back to my room. I flagged down a passing body and asked it when the doctor would be making his rounds. She told me about 2:00 o'clock.

I wanted to see the doctor because I had told him the previous day that I wanted to get out of there when the tests were finished. He had advised that I should stay over the second night and leave the following morning, and I told him nix. His response was that we should talk about it after the completion of the tests. That was cool, but the tests had been over for three hours and I was lying there wondering why I should bother to ask someone else when the doctor was scheduled to show up. There wasn't any way in the world I was going to spend another night in that place, but I did presume the doctor would be around before too much additional time passed by.

smoke, and I needed to get out of there. But I could wait a little while longer for the doctor. I thought.

I changed my mind very rapidly. Two doors down there was a dude who would wake up every four or five hours and, realizing he was in tremendous pain, let out a moan that would send cold salamanders running up and down your spine. I was just settling down to wait for the doctor when he let out with another one.

Unlike all the previous times, however, nothing resulted from it. There were seven nurses, give or take one or two, out at the circular nurses' station (ICU was also round, with all doors facing the nurses' station), and none of them moved their feet. A couple glanced toward the man's door, and then down at one of the heart monitors they had out there, but after that they went back to chit-chatting.

I thought that was rather, shall we say, crappy. Apparently they felt the poor old dude was being a pain in the ass, detrimental to their goldbricking.

A few minutes passed and he let out with another, more insistent, moan. They went through the same routine again, looking toward his room and then down at the monitor, and went back to their talking.

Another minute passed by and his monitor got set off. Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep -- a somewhat chilling noise. I knew what it meant. So, apparently, did the nurses. This time all seven of them jumped up, and rushed into his room.

He was dead. They carried him out after a while.

That cinched it. If this were Intensive Care, I'm thankful I didn't get a chance to sample the quality of care in some other section of the hospital (I'm not counting Nuclear Medicine, but rather the other wards). I was becoming progressively more nervous, and there wasn't any way in the world I was going to spend another hour in there.

I phoned my secretary and asked her to come and pick me up. Not surprisingly, she questioned that. She'd just finished talking to the doctor and he had informed her that although I'd indicated a wish to go home the afternoon of the second day, he had decided to keep me over until morning. On the basis that I was paying him for advice and not for orders (orders which he apparently intended to enforce by ignoring me), I didn't accept that news too well. I asked her to come pick me up anyway. I would be ready.

After hanging up (and you're correct, they don't allow phones in ICU. But I got one anyway, That's a separate story in itself) I reached over and turned off my heart monitor. Then I removed the suction cups from my chest and the IV from my arm. I went to the john and took a decent piss for a change (trying to be cool about doing it in bed, while fifty people wander about just outside your open door, is for the birds). Then I hopped back in bed and watched the clock for just under the five minutes it took for someone out at the nurses' station to notice that something was screwy.

"Mr. Locke, you're not registering on our heart monitor."

"I know. I want to speak with the doctor."

"Why do you want to speak with the doctor?"

"I'm checking out now."

"You can't check out now. The doctor wants you to stay overnight."

Obviously he was willing to tell that to anyone but me.

"Wrong. I'm checking out now. I'd like to talk to the doctor."

"Well!" she said huffily, "this is irregular. I'll have to speak with the doctor about this!"

I lost my cool.

"Not you, dummy. Me. I want to talk to the doctor."

I never did get to talk with him that day. Had to call him up the next day to get a reading on the tests.

So I signed myself out A.M.A. Against Medical Advice. I felt I'd need some real medical advice if I had to stay in that place any longer.

They wheeled me to the exit, and I got in Pam's car. I stole the cigarette out of her hand and dragged it down about two inches with the first puff.

She got me back to my apartment just after 5:00, then called her husband Rick,

who had just gotten home, to come on over. I broke out the scotch and tequilla and after the first five smokes and drinks I was still feeling tremendously enthused about being out of the environment that was driving me crazy.

Finally, after we all got smashed, they left and I crawled into the comfort of my own bed, greatly anticipating the first night of sleep since my "attack".

At 4:30 I got woken up by someone beating on the door. It was like coming back from death to get out of bed and stagger out to the living room. Even half-asleep, however, I didn't just go out and open the door. I mean, I didn't fall off a turnip truck last week. I hollered through the locked door: "Who is it?"

A large voice responded: "Come on out, we know you're in there!"

That woke me up all the way. I went over to the window, held back the drapes, and tapped on the glass. Three burly-looking Mexicans came over to peer in and demanded to know where Louie was. "You're not Louie!" one of them screamed at me.

"Tell me something I don't know," I said.

They hopped into a pickup and drove away.

Jesus Christ.

At about 7:30 a florist called and wanted to know how to find my place, as someone asked to have flowers delivered at the hospital and the florist had discovered I wasn't there any longer. I gave him directions and went back to sleep, only to get woken up again fifteen minutes later by somebody phoning me to ask if I wanted a subscription to the LA Times. I obtained an unlisted phone number just to get away from that sort of thing, so I wasn't pleased.

"How did you get my number?"

"We're given a block of numbers, and dial all the numbers within that series."

I hung up.

I got another fifteen minutes of sleep before the florist showed up. I put the weeds on the counter and made myself a breakfast. Afterwards, I conscientiously decided to do those dishes and the glasses from the night before, but the sink backed up on me. I was standing there staring at it when the same florist made a second delivery.

A few minutes later and I had the manager, his assistant, and the plumber tearing my sink apart. The assistant got chewed out for incorrectly installing the new garbage disposal unit, and they made him do most of the work in correcting it. Using my pots and pans, they made several trips from the sink to the john in my bathroom, to empty out the almost overflowed sink, and tracked in and out of the apartment to fetch tools and diddle with the plumbing somewhere under the sidewalk out front. In the middle of this the same florist showed up for the third time.

"What's the occasion?" he asked me.

"Damned if I know," was the only response I could think of.

So, scratch both the hospital and my apartment as a place to get any peace and quiet. I stood around on one foot for awhile, and then said the hell with it.

I'd go in to work.

I got into some fresh clothes and drove to the office. The first person I met there was the General Manager.

"What are you doing here? You just got out of the hospital."

I told him I just wanted to see how things were getting along.

"I talked to the doctor, He says you should take the rest of the week off."

I assured him I wasn't going to do any real work. I just wanted to see how things were going. I wasn't about to tell him that I'd come in to get some relative peace and quiet.

"I'm sorry, but I can't let you do this," he told me.

"Oh, God," I said, "don't send me home..."

A week later I went back to the same hospital for a treadmill test. I guess I passed it. At least I didn't fall off.

I did, however, finally lose my chest hair. The first thing they do before get-

ting you on the treadmill is shave your chest. Off it went. *Sob* Then they wired me up like the Six Million Dollar Man, and finally a little nurse tried to wrap an ace bandage around the upper part of my body to help hold all the electrodes in place. But it wasn't working well for her. Finally she said "nothing personal," put her ear to my chest, and wrapped me up that way.

The final session with the doctor was a genuine anti-climax.

"Well, son, damned if I know what it was you had. Don't think it was a heart attack, though. But don't what it could have been."

I asked him if he had any advice. I was waiting for him to tell me to quit smoking, quit drinking, and lose 70 pounds, all at the same time. Trying it would probably make me nervous enough to have a heart attack. However, that isn't what he told me.

"How can I offer you any advice, when I don't know what it was that you had?"

That was honest enough, I suppose, but I had just been put in the position of paying one GP, one heart specialist, and one hospital to tell me that the only thing they knew was what they didn't know.

I shrugged, got up to leave, and had my hand on the door of the examination room when the doctor decided that maybe he should say something more.

"Oh, there is one thing," he said.

"What's that?"

"Well," he told me, "if it ever happens again, give me a buzz."

Feeling that I had not just encountered a veritable cornucopia of wisdom, I promptly went home and had another drink.

Maybe when doctors quit practicing medicine, and learn how to do it, I'll give them another try.

In the meantime, I hope to stay reasonably healthy.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Did you know there is a magazine titled "Highway Evangelist: The Voice Of The Christian Trucker"? A co-worker had one...//From the "Indiana 1977 Migratory Gamebird Hunting Seasons And Regulations": "Geese: Daily bag limit - 5 including not more than 1 Canada goose, or 2 white-fronted geese or 1 of each, except Posey County where the daily bag limit is 2 Canada geese or 2 white-fronted geese or 1 of each."//HYPERION PRESS is offering discounts on their series of Science Fiction Classics. 20 percent off if you buy less than 5 books, or 30 percent if you buy 5 or more. I didn't check their sale sheet against earlier lists, but the books seem to be all or mostly from their first series. Sale ends Feb. 28. Write Hyperion Press, Inc., 45 Riverside Ave., Westport, CT 06880 for information.//L. Sprague de Camp and Glenn Lord have formed Conan Properties, Ltd., 24 Fanton Hill Road, Weston, CT 06883. The corporation controls all Conan rights, and in addition to the Ace and Berkley series, have apparently contracted with Bantam for 6 new books in the series. They're also offering licenses for toys, t-shirts, and the usual associated crap.//IRV JACOBS sends a Xeroxed copy of THE THUNDERBOLT, a publication of the National States Rights Party. Irv marked their article on slave novels, though overall they seem more incensed over Jews than over blacks. (Jews are "anti-white" - isn't that sort of like the commentator who called Arabs "anti-Semitic"?) But referring to the "debasing of the antebellum South" in the slave novels, the reviewer says "Interracial sex rarely ever took place under slavery". Sure; American Negroes are lighter-colored than Africans because of our invigorating climate. There is of course the usual objection to pro-black programs on tv; "Roots", "The Scottsboro Boys", etc. (and "Tail-Gunner Joe" is called "a vicious pack of lies".) No justification for this is given, of course, since it can't be - but all of the objections tie in Jews with the shows. One has the feeling that the sheet wouldn't comment on a pro-black program done by Gentiles (though they would; the producers would be called Jews and Communists, no matter what their actual makeup.) Interesting, if appalling.//MARY SCHAUH sends a clipping on an Australian company which has exported 102 tons of Australian sand to Saudi Arabia. Now, there is marketing! (To be used for sandblasting, Arabian sand not being suitable.)//SANDRA MIESEL sends one on a pet shop in New Jersey selling "patio cats" (alley cat sounds so declass  ). And there will be a larger column next time.RSC

GAWWMBLINGS

Art Saha, 141 H Jerome St., Roselle Park NJ 07204

Perhaps it's a moot point and not really all that important, but the implication seems to come through that one gets more for his money in the Carr Best of the Year than in the DAW best. I believe that a word count would show that they are almost equal, and if editorial material, blank pages, etc., are excluded, the DAW book is actually presenting more works of fiction than the Carr anthology. Also based on price alone, the DAW anthology costs 1/2 cent a page, whereas the Carr is slightly over that. As I said probably not all that important, but I thought I'd mention it.

[[No, Art did not get an advance peek at this issue's reviews. He's prescient. RSC]]

Gary Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93003

Did you read about the article in Aviation Week about the Russian progress in charged-particle beam weapons? Another case of SF being behind the times. To my knowledge, very few stories have proposed weapons of this sort. Looks like the Russians are getting pretty close, though. Of course, this makes the next improvement fairly obvious: neutral-beam weapons. Pass the charged particle beam thru a charge exchange chamber, and the resultant beam cannot be deflected by magnetic or electric fields. It is difficult to visualize an adequate defense. Right now, there is none. Makes for a nice nuclear warhead killer, though. I wonder if we will have to go back to the biowar threat to counter the fact that the Russians are ahead of us and we can't catch up very quickly. It's lucky for us that the Russians are Communists and have relatively poor production efficiency; if that had anything like our realizable ability, they would probably already have struck and zapped us.

I kinda wondered about Analog's anti-human prejudice. Engineers don't really have anything against humans, as long as they stay in artwork where they really belong, and don't gum up the works by monkeying with perfectly adequate machines.

Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, East Providence RI 02914

We pretty much agree on Hugo choices, at least on those for which I have any strong feelings. I prefer "The Samurai and the Willows" though. And I recommend the film CARRIE. The movie itself is slightly better than average teenage revenge psi story. The performance given by Sissy Spacek in the title role though is superb. I'm rarely impressed by film performances, and this is the first I've thought worthy of comment since George C. Scott did Patton.

As long as I'm recommending things, I strongly recommend Stephen King's new novel, THE SHINING. It's one of the two best books I've read in the past three years. The other, unfortunately, is THE PRINCESS BRIDE, upon which we seem to disagree sharply. So it goes.

You should have finished VENUS DEVELOPMENT by David Bergamini. His science is so utterly awful in the second half that I was reduced at least once to hysterical laughter. A plot summary at the next RISFA meeting was met with general disbelief. That's one of those novels that are so bad they're entertaining.

While I have mixed feelings about the alteration of certain forms of address to eliminate sexually polarized terms, I recently decided that my own habitual reference to "office girls" was demeaning, but not sexist. It is hardly fair to refer to a woman as a girl. On the other hand, I also was referring to adult men with families

as "floorboys". I then adjudged myself guilty of snobbery, not sexism, and am trying to adjust to "clerks" and "material handlers" instead. (For a while, there was a move to call the jobs officially something like "Data Flow Specialists" and "Work Movement Specialists", but that died aborning.

[[My snobbishness/sexism at work is compounded by the fact that most of the women in our office force are about the same age as Bruce, and I think of them as "girls" and not as the adults which they more or less are. (And some of the ones who are going on 30 don't act like it...)RSC]]

Steve Simmons, Zeeb House, 3825 N. Zeeb Rd., Dexter MI 48130

What do you mean by that snide remark about Zeeb House? I'll have you know that the Zeeb family and all of their relatives used to own about half the surrounding township and have left their indelible mark upon it in the form of giving name to Zeeb Road. Naturally, there are no more Zeebs left and the particular property that we own is not on any extension of their old homesteads, but what the hell.

We picked Zeeb House for a name because we needed something that would be easy for the various friends of ours to remember (Zeeb Road is well known around here) and we had to have one common name for the phone company to list us all under. So now it says Zeeb House on the mailbox, the phone and the paper bill, and on our house checking account. What fun.

Autoclave was a surprisingly nice con. "Surprising" because a lot of people had warned me that I wasn't going to enjoy myself, that I would be pilloried because I hang around with the Dorsai more than most Detroit fen, etc., etc. No such problems (well, almost). We also found an excellent Chinese restaurant in Canada. It's been a regular thing to go there for a meal or two during cons, and the food was well worth the trip.

Had an interesting time crossing the border. I drove, and as we came into Canada the border guard stopped us to ask the usual questions:

"Citizen of what country?"

I looked around the car. Chorus of "US".

"Resident of what state?"

Look around again. Lots of "Michigan"s."

"Who owns the car?"

"I do."

"Why does it say "California" on the license plate instead of Michigan?"

Ooops.

"I moved from California to Michigan a few months ago and haven't changed the registration yet."

Long pause.

"Why are you entering Canada?"

Ooops.

"For dinner."

Long pause.

"Dinner?"

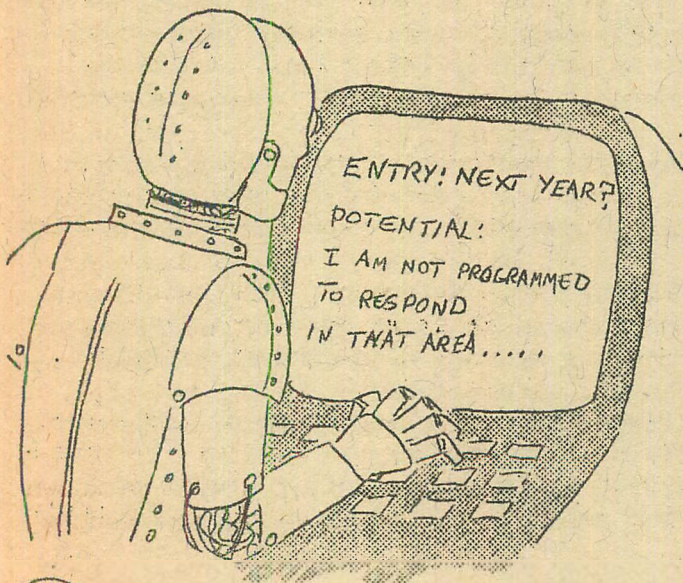
"Yes, we're going to King Wa's."

Smiles, and "Oh, OK, go ahead."

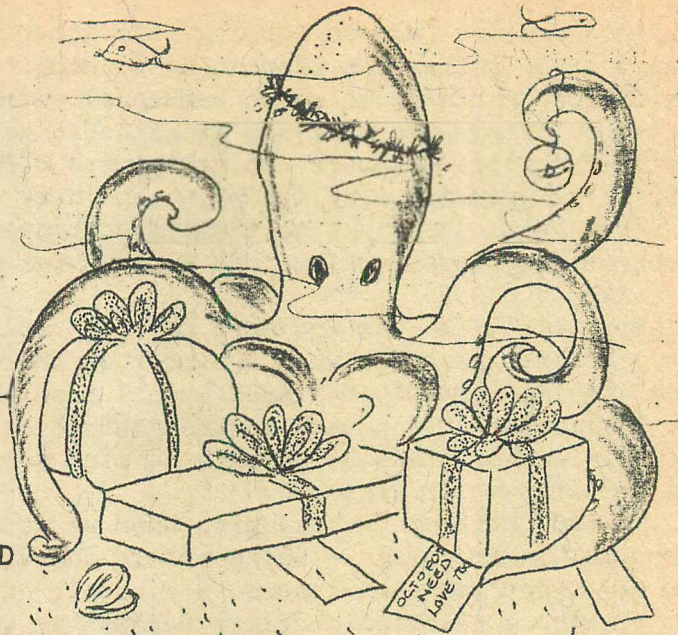
Returning was pretty much the same story.

Chris Walker, 447 Belmont #30, Chicago
IL 60657

Tolkien's SILMARILLION is out at long last; perhaps Houghton-Mifflin sent you a copy? I snapped one up the instant it hit the stands -- actually, I tore open the box it arrived in and wrestled through the hordes of New Town hobbitphiles to get my



copy to the cashier before the whole place was a shambles. I skipped dinner to dive right into it. Actually it's a deep disappointment. It's very much abbreviated from what one was expecting; a once-overlightly historical approach, with scarcely any story values or characterization at all. If you loved the Index A of the old book, you'll like the new one. Also in the book is a brief chapter on Numenor, labelled the Akallabeth. So much for the "Sequel" which, years ago, rumor said was to be a whole volume on its own account. After waiting some fifteen years for the book or books to appear, I must say I feel let down. It's as if, all this time, Homer's editors had claimed to have an unpublished epic poem by the author of the ILIAD and the ODYSSEY, and then eventually published A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE instead.



"Cherryh" has a new pb out, HUNTER OF WORLDS, which is rather good, managing to set out an interplay of four different species without too much difficulty keeping them distinct. Also the narrator/focal character is not a human being, which is a nice touch.

[[Haven't seen a copy of SILMARILLION yet; I have the British edition on order. (So it will more or less match my editions of HOBBIT and RINGS)]
A.J. Budrys disagrees with you on Cherryh; I'll have to get that one in the next reviews so I can see what I think. RSC]]

Bob & Anne Passovoy, PO Box 5093, Chicago IL 60680

Got the latest Yandro and must correct the source of the lino credited to us (the Han Solo Marksmanship Award). That august honor has been created by your fellow Hoosier Mike Longcor (Moonwolf of Rivenstar is his SCA handle), to be given to outstanding marksmen in his guild. (He says they're outstanding because nobody trusts them indoors...more loud groans, flung tomatoes, etc...)

Richard Labonte, RR #2, Calabogie, Ontario Canada

I was reminded to re-subscribe to Yandro when, a week or so after moving to a 200-acre farm in Eastern Ontario, I had occasion to think of an article Juanita wrote a couple of years ago for Starling, in which she talked of the rigors of country life and how back to the land wasn't an easy row.

My memory was jogged the day after a major thunderstorm, which: flooded the basement, uprooted most of the potatoes and corn in the garden, ripped out a section of the side porch and turned the laneway up to the township road into a three-day quagmire. This happened, of course, with 37 acres of hay lying -- not drying -- in the fields.

But when it's nice, it's very nice. Yesterday, for example, was too hot for real work. So after a couple of hours of mounding potatoes and a couple more of harvesting a first crop of garden spinach -- later that night to become a base for cream-of soup -- and planting a second, the two of us living here took off with the neighboring farm family for an afternoon and evening of water frolics at a place called High Falls, where spillover from a dam cascades down flat rocks and into an icy spring-fed pool.

In the city it would be crowded and chlorinated and after work. Much better this way.

This past weekend we had our farm-warming party (we being 11 folks who have known each other for as much as 10 years, who last fall pooled money and talents and bought

a hay and pasture farm on rolling land about 65 miles from Ottawa; I retired to move here, another fellow has been doing without regular hours for some years, and the rest still work and come up on weekends) and mixed about 100 city friends with about 35 country neighbours. It was an eclectic gathering of rural mailmen and members of Parliament, local plumbers and newspapers city editors -- which is what I was before retiring. Music was supplied by a tape deck of the best rock of the '60s and '70s, and three local musicians on fiddle, accordion, and banjo. Dancing was in the barn, of course, but dope-smoking, and tobacco for that matter, was relegated to the less hay-filled outdoors.

But while all that and more has been fun, Juanita, I still keep recalling phrases from your article about what a number of chores there are connected with rural life; I don't think I really believed when I read the article, but now I do, now I do.

The sexism of language is undeniable; and even where the opportunity for change is simple and painless -- keeping in mind your comments, Juanita, about people's feelings -- it is still resisted.

At the Citizen, for example, when we were bargaining for a new contract a few years ago, we proposed -- being rebels and visionaries in our early 20s, and knowing what were the important issues -- a couple of title changes; copy boy would become copy runner, a reasonable change because at the time five or the seven copy boys were not boys; and deskman would become copy editor, again a justifiable change, because four of fourteen deskmen were women, and copy editing is precisely the function performed.

Management balked, on the basis that what had been good enough was good enough and it would mean changing all the promotional literature and business department forms and the like. We balked back, though it would probably have been silly to walk out over nomenclature, and eventually got our revolutionary way. I'm still glad we did, but the unreasonable lengths necessary for what should be reasoned change gets to be a bit of a bore after a while.

I asked the folks at the Renfrew bookstore the other day if they could order a copy of CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS for me; the title stunned the elderly but eager woman at the desk, but she was reassured when I added it was a Doubleday book. At least she recognized the publisher. Some of my other requests sent her scrambling for Books In Print and Publishers' catalogues and the like. But I'm sure I'll have her trained in a few months.

Renfrew is the nearest town of any size, about 30 miles away; the Calabogie of the address is a tourist village about six miles away, where one is lucky to find a newspaper, let alone a book. There is one movie theatre, featuring films I saw in Ottawa six months ago, one laundromat where a wash is still a quarter and drying is still a dime, and supermarket chain stores which carry personal accounts and accept cheques without question. Old-fashioned comfy.

I will confess that in the past couple of years I've skimmed over Yandro; there just wasn't time for a thorough reading, let alone any sort of adequate response. But when Y came last week, I took it and three or four other magazines onto the porch -- the part the storm hadn't dismantled -- and read leisurely for a couple of hours.

It's another virtue of country life...there's time to get back to the old comforts. I am awed when I think I've been getting Yandro for over 10 years now.

[[That is, there's time to get back to the old comforts if you're not trying to publish a fanzine, write professionally, go to a lot of stf conventions, and hold down a regular job. RSC]] [[It's a bore if you're a male revolutionary struggling for reasonable change; if the change involved is alteration of sexist terms and you're a female who's labored under subtle and unsubtle prejudice all your life, "bore" is not quite an adequate term. Depending on one's temperament, reaction can range from bitter resignation to seething fury to raging eruption.JWC]]

Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th St. South, Arlington MA 22204

Yandro 240 in hand, I am amused by the Frajâc illo on the colophon. Yandro remains an enjoyable read.

Re the derivation of "gringo", John Ciardi in Saturday Review says that "grigio" meaning greek, became a synonym for cheat and swindler, and an epithet applied to foreigners generally, long before 1700. The mutation to "gringo" seems natural, phonetically, and probably had nothing to do with Yanqui cowboys singing about green grow the anythings.

Gun control may be hopeless, but locally the taser has been banned. The taser shoots two darts attached to wires through which flow high voltage, which paralyzes the victims without harming him, or her, as the case may be.

Perhaps knocking a person down without killing or maiming him violates our deepest instincts. More likely there weren't thousands of them floating around. The word itself comes from the acronym for Tom Swift's Electric Rifle.

The Hanafi Muslims were convicted the other day of a variety of charges, mostly kidnapping and murder. From the statements of their leader, it appears that he (Khalis) believed the Black Muslims were Zionist-controlled. For the record, he had been denouncing the Black Muslims for years as everything he could think of including Zionists. So: he came to believe his own propaganda and descended upon the unsuspecting Bnai Brith building to seize 187 hostages.

I suspect gun control would not have deterred him in the slightest. His grip on reality stir s up the old sense of wonder. Yes, indeed.

Probably a more effective remedy to the problem of violent crime would be to make the testimony of witnesses easier to give and to receive. Some recent experiments on taking a deposition on videotape seem quite encouraging. Both lawyers ask the witness all the questions they can think of, and then the lawyers and the judge edit the videotape for presentation to the jury. There are several advantages, not least of which is instant replay, and the possibility of split screen conflicting testimony. Also, the witness can tell his story while it is fresh in his mind and be done with it. The defensive tactic of delaying and delaying as the witnesses are called and called and never questioned would become ineffective. And a dead man could tell his tale, shaking his gory locks at the accused.

Actually, legal reform is badly needed and long overdue, particularly in the area of criminal law. A local case involved several victims of a gang who took turns coming down as witnesses, providing each other with moral support, and finally preventing an attempt to plea bargain. The gang-leader, who was 17, was tried as an adult and sentenced to 145 years. He will be eligible for parole in 48, at the age of 65. Nevertheless, it took letters to the Washington Post and a lot of complaining to prevent him from being tried as a juvenile. Poor chile. Must have been a bit of a shock to his nervous system.

A greater certainty of conviction would do more to deter crime than any gun control. And locally, civil libertarians (Negro Righters?) are opposed because most of the criminals convicted in this manner (in D.C., anyway) would be black.

An interesting dilemma. You live in an integrated neighborhood with a high crime rate. You wish the neighborhood to stay integrated, but it's in downtown D.C., and if the crime rate goes down, affluent whites will move in and take over the neighborhood. But you also are victimized by the high crime rate. What to do?

There is probably no good answer, at least here. What is happening is that the Negro renters are displaced, the population density goes down, the property values go up, and the Negro home owners are delighted that they don't live in a slum anymore. Of course, they pay higher taxes on their houses...

The New York blackout generated a lot of looting, and Con Ed gets the blame. Mayor Beame, running for re-election, should also have a share. Why didn't he call out the National Guard and declare a curfew? The looters, of course, are morally blameless opportunists...and a lot of them will be voting.

[[Sounds like a much more sensible derivation of "gringo", if less

poetic. You sound a trifle bitter about riots and such. Another advantage of a rural home; there aren't enough people in this county to stage a decent riot even if they felt inclined. RSC]]

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

I was going to start your letter earlier this evening, but all the electricity was cut off and we had no light other than my camping lantern (which is a Ray-o-Vac made in America) and I've candles from about four countries. But it surprising how little light anything seems to give when you want to work on typing. So many shadows are everywhere and you can't see to do a single thing. On Monday, all the firemen will go on strike, and that comes in a period when the IRA has promised to start incendiary fires in big London stores. Two days ago the Customs and Excise were on strike and you could walk through carrying a million in diamonds or drugs and no one would have challenged you. The miners want £135 a week and want to strike also. And the police have already used their militant union to obtain some of the extra money they wanted. The Daily Mirror didn't report all this this morning to me -- because they are also on strike.

In my area, we have had the cuts at home in power at a different time from the ones at work. Wednesday is a cut at home, but Monday and Friday are at work. Usually they are in three hour periods, but it depends on the load being used. Tonight it was off for less than an hour. So I drove home from work in a town completely blacked out; no street lights, no traffic lights, nothing. Coming home the other night I had to cross a four crossroad traffic light system of four packed lanes, all not knowing who to go first. And in pitch black, a real nightmare. I'll try going home a route with no traffic lights on major lanes next time.

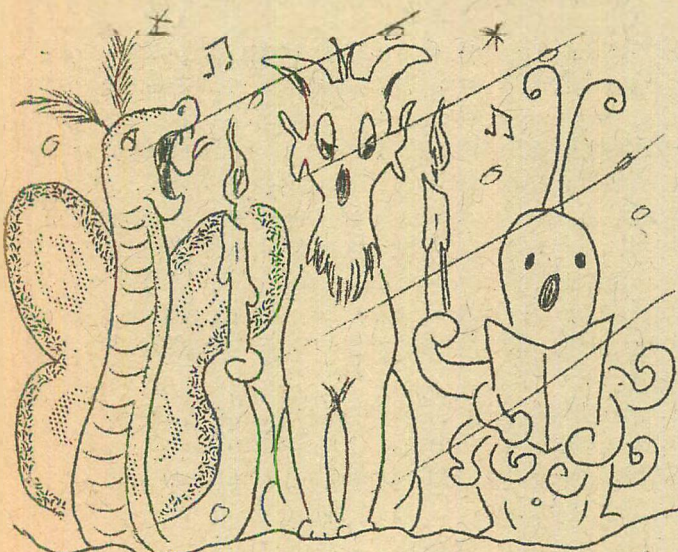
I get very few letters these days and almost no fanzines at all. There used to be a time when I got almost all of them, but they have just tapered off; and most of those you review these days I've never seen. It is hard to realize our relationship must be about 20 years old now.

[[Thought this might cheer Alex up a bit...]]

Alice L. Hopf, 136 West 16th St., New York NY 10011

Have been out visiting in Pennsylvania since Thursday, as a result of the NYC blackout. I dare say you have read and viewed all about that. Fortunately, we live in a less criminal part of town (just north of Greenwich Village). No looting there that I know of. But all the foodstores must have lost a lot of their frozen foods. My husband was out that night, having driven -- just after supper -- with his poker pals, to a friend's place in NJ. NJ was all right. However, eventually he had to

come home, and could not put his car in the garage because the doors and elevator run on electricity. So he put it in the front of the house (where things have to be moved by 8AM). When he left the apartment at 7AM, he had to use a flashlight to find his way down the front stairs. By noon, a little light trickled in so one could see to get down. He couldn't do any work, as his shop was too dark, and he spent the morning driving around, trying to find a place for his car. I was tired of watching our refrigerator get warmer and warmer and all the food spoil, with slight chance of buying anything fresh. So we just got in the car and came out here to Pennsylvania a day earlier than we had planned. Apparently, energy was restored



to our block around 7PM.

Ernie says that when he drove home on Wednesday night, the streets were full of mobs of young people, just looking for mischief. He looked all the car doors and got home as fast as possible (considering the lack of traffic lights). Thursday morning, when he drove down Fifth Avenue, on the way to his shop, he picked up a black man and gave him a lift. The man had been walking all night. He had gotten out of a stalled subway somewhere uptown; taxis would not pick him up. He was trying to walk home to Brooklyn. Ernie took him as far as he could.



Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd.,
Mentor OH 44060

Ah, but my point on people liking-not liking spectator sports was in connection with one of your letter-writers who did not like ANY sports. Since you like some spectator sports, you find it easier to pretend interest in others (I seem to recall baseball was the topic under discussion) -- and advised that the way to get along with cohorts was to pretend such interest. We, as total NON-spectator-sports fans, have never pretended any such thing -- and have not found such pretense necessary in the slightest. We're known as being weird, of course. That could hardly be avoided, in any case.

John Boston, 225 Baltic Street, Brooklyn NY 11201

Well, friends and time-binders, the first Yandro I've seen in ten years looks exactly like the last one I saw, except for the "t" on your typewriter. I don't know whether to be reassured or alarmed. (Actually, there are probably a dozen differences but don't tell me. The illusion is pleasant.)

I hesitate to enter the gun control debate, which seems to have been going on for a while -- in fact, I seem to recall that it was going on ten years ago. I think your reply to John Brunner is dead wrong and almost purposely obtuse, though. The question is not whether something else will be used if guns are available. Guns -- handguns, anyway -- are almost unique in their combination of potential for serious injury, ease of use, and concealability. To use your example, if someone came after me with a pair of chopsticks, I am reasonably confident I could get away without much damage. Other commonly available weapons -- butcher knives, tire irons, automobiles, etc. -- are harder to use, harder to conceal, require greater proximity to the victim, require more forethought and preparation, etc. Guns make it possible to do real damage before either attacker or victim can think or react, and that is why they are more dangerous than most of the substitutes you can think of. It's probably true that if someone is determined to commit a murder, he or she will find a way. But not everybody is determined, and if they have to find a way many of them will give it up.

On a more pleasant subject, have you heard? Fantastic news! They found the missing matter. Where? In the universe, for God's sake, the universe. Seriously, as the enclosed clipping demonstrates, somebody has finally found a large part of the mass that would be necessary to account for the "observed" (actually inferred) decrease in the rate of expansion of the universe. It's also worth noting that this missing mass is believed to be in or around the Seyfert galaxies, "a class of objects within which violent events of unknown nature occur from time to time." (I think there's one of those just around the corner and down the street. Previously I had thought it was just a black hole with a liquor license.)

On the subject of Velikovsky and related screwballs, I acquired a healthy resentment of the whole crew of them some months back when, beset by strange fevers, I decided I wanted to read something on recent developments in astronomy. I walked to the bookstore ten blocks away in urbane and civilized Brooklyn Heights and found one shelf of paperbacks labelled "Science". Virtually all of it was the Bermuda Triangle, Hatracks of the Gods, various mysteries of the ancients, etc. The Max Apple has finally taken at least verbal revenge, however. Apple has a collection of short stories called THE ORANGING OF AMERICA; the stories come from various high-culture journals and vary from precious academic satire to really clever flights of extravagant humor. The best of them is "The Yogurt of Vasirin Kefirovsky," obviously a parody of Velikovsky. Kefirovsky, author of WORLDS IN CONFUSION, no less, is being interviewed by a reporter for Time about his revolutionary theory that the key to longevity is a diet of nothing but yogurt. Apple catches the style of screwball invincibility perfectly. Kefirovsky says:

"I am seventy-seven years old. In order for me to try it forty years I would have to live to be one hundred and sixteen. This is possible, but unlikely. There will perhaps be no other scientist to follow in my footsteps. Science will produce more Corfam and SST engines. The keys to natural history lay shrouded for thousands of years, now we refuse to see the one true gift of the gods. Easy, abundant, tasty, and wrapped in a time out. If the clergymen would wake up, they would see it. What is the promised land? Milk and honey and time. What is yogurt? Milk and bacteria and time. Why did the people who lived on manna for forty years want a land of milk and honey? Why not a land of pomegranates? Why not a land of barley and sesame seed and olive oil? Why not wine and cheese? Where else do you read about milk and honey? Nowhere. I've looked. And what sort of honey would you find in a semi arid climate where the annual rainfall would hardly support a large bee population? If Hans Fricht was alive, he would be an immense help now. He knew bees from A to Z. He would have seen immediately. He used to say, "Where the bee sucks, there suck I"...etc.

[[Ever fired a handgun? Unless one practices with it, a knife is as easy to use, just as lethal, and has about the same lethal range (this is, if you get much out of knife range, you're not going to hit anyone with the handgun, either). Knives are being used more and more for crime, particularly mugging but also armed robbery. (Why not? The storekeeper doesn't have anything at all to defend himself with.) Not as many murders -- yet. But as was proved in the two "battered wives" cases recently, you're just as dead, whether she shoots you or sets you on fire. And treating the symptoms has yet to cure a disease, and in this case the disease is brutality. (And for that matter, even assuming that the gun -- the inanimate object -- is to blame, how do you remove it? I hope you don't think that passing a law will do it, or even trying to enforce that law. RSC]]

Mary Schaub, c/o C.S. Schaub, Box 218, Apex NC 3 27502

Y 240 came the other day, to my pleasure. I did laugh at Stewart's parody of the Zelazny PRINCES IN AMBER series; the stolen hoofcaps detail was a touching incident, and the hero's faulty memory was especially funny. Bill Danner's piece was good, too.

Speaking of less-than-satisfactory books, I should cite the two published volumes of the so-called "Circle of Light" series by Hancock, GREYFAX GRIMWALD (I have a made desire to print that backwards as GRIMFAX GREYWALD) and FARAGON FAIRINGWAY. The first was frustrating because it had some good points badly flawed by heavy-footed intrusions of modernisms (the fighting men using rifles and bombs, for instance, in a setting also inhabited by dwarves, talking bears, shape-changers, and such -- not to mention wizards); I ploughed through the second book in hopes that the weaker points of #1 would be remedied, but they weren't. I will finish the set to see what happens to whom, but I do regret that some editor didn't bop Hancock on the noggin and give him a few words on consistent style and tone. The whole mess is of course played up as "in the Tolkien tradition" (which it is in the sense that the author swiped a number

of names and items from Tolkien, such as the "Arkenchest"). Although the style is unbearably talky at times, there are stretches of good stuff; I suspect that it is a notch or two above the SWORD OF SHANNARA.

[[No, actually, the Circle of Light is a couple of notches below SWORD OF SHANNARA (and more expensive, if you buy all the volumes. Of course, if you buy any more of them after reading the first one you deserve what you get.)//And I see I have mistyped up there. In the first line, between "Tolkien" and "such", should come "leading to usages". Sorry about that, Mary, but I am not about to throw out a stencil.//Mary also taped to her letter a newspaper clipping; an ad for "CANADIAN TOP SOIL - Unlimited Amounts - f.o.b. Quebec". Could this be a sinister plot of the English-speaking residents to sell off the province before it secedes?]]

Alexander Yudenitsch, Caixa Postal 9613, 01000 - Sao Paulo, SP, BRAZIL

Three YANDROS to loc (#238/39/40)! Not in any particular order, here are the comments.

Two issues without a Coulumn? What's the newer generation getting to? (That doesn't sound quite right...) Tell him to get his ass out of the chair or you'll cut him off the mailing list, or something. Actually, I expect I understand, but it sure doesn't feel right. Well, at least he had two pieces in #238.

Denny Lien's column was, as usual, very good; his look at SF in Everyday Life was so un-Everyday that I hope his "back to normal, next time" doesn't mean he'll go all sercon and start writing about, for example, Everyday Life in SF. What would you call his type of humor? [[Don't tempt me. RSC]]

Gene DeWeese's "Tom Swifties" was very welcome, since I do remember when there were lots of them going around and there were some that I never did "Get", so Gene's explanations were very useful.

Bill Danner's "Evening Walk" wasn't bad, but I don't see what it was doing in YAN; it seemed just a try for a sort of mood piece, not getting anywhere and taking its time about it.

What can I say about Ramblings/Rumblings/Grumblings/Golden Minutes that I haven't said already? Just a few stray notes:

Mack Reynolds' third future-African story was published in "Astounding: The JWC Memorial Anthology", where it was called "Black Sheep Led Astray"; is that the answer to George Fergus' question in #240?

I have to apologize; the \$2.38 per gallon price I gave for gas was somewhat off (it didn't go up as much as I anticipated and I used the wrong type of gallon; I didn't even know there was more than one); it's more like \$1.58/gal.

I sure would like it if you ran a sort of "Books reviewed by Buck Coulson in the last 6 YANDROS" continually-changing column, so I wouldn't have to dig back in the pile when I wanted to see what you'd thought of a given (or even bought) book. What's that you say? Do it himself? Oh well, it probably wouldn't be to most people's liking, anyway...

By the way, our customs are now also on the censorship circuit; any book/magazine from abroad has to be approved by them, or it won't be delivered. (I don't know what they do with the not approved ones; burn them? take them home? return to senders?) So far, it hasn't made much difference, only a slight slowing-down of magazine delivery.

I really don't believe they can process such a load, with lots of foreign-language publications, too. Still, they've been hiring more people, so, who knows? Inside the country, any magazine has to be registered with the Federal Police Dept., which has to get copies of all issues; some newspapers are under Prior Censorship, which means they have to submit everything they want to print to the Fed Censor before going to press. Not exactly conducive to publishing a fanzine, eh?

[[I can recall, years ago in Peronist Argentina, Ricky Ertl being frustrated in his desire to publish a fanzine by the fact that the police didn't allow individuals to own mimeographs. Subversive instruments.// One of the little problems in non-metric systems is the variety of measures. Though I suppose with the British going metric their 5-quart gallon no longer exists and our 4-quart one is the only one used. RSC]]

GOLDEN MINUTES

Note; numbers in parentheses, like so (57) at the end of reviews of science fiction (not any other books) are the Gaier Rating System. I may explain it in the editorial or I may not; it's mostly a favor to Gil Gaier and all you need to know is that the higher the number the more I enjoyed the book, and 99 is tops. (And 22 is the bottom for anything worth finishing, which I think is a silly setup, but it's Gaier's system, so I'll follow it.) Remember; it rates personal enjoyment, not what I might think of the literary quality of a book.

1978 DUNE CALENDAR, by John Schoenherr (Berkley, \$4.95) First time I've reviewed a calendar, I believe. There are 12 Schoenherr illustrations, size 14 x 10. A few are taken from ANALOG covers for the serials, but I think most are new (though I didn't actually go back and check every one). DUNE landscapes aren't exactly "calendar art" even for fantasy; they tend to be very grim and forbidding. Definitely for the fan who wants something "different" on the walls. In general, I think the landscapes and the sandworms come across much better than the people (except for one nice eerie depiction of Stilgar), and I don't think it's Schoenherr's best work. But it's very good, anyway. Reproduction is excellent. (The dates are nice and clear, too, not that anyone seems to buy calendars for dates any more. But does Hanukah really come on the same day as Christmas this year? It seems unusual....) Anyway, if you go in for fancy calendars, this would seem to be a very good choice.

SCIENCE FICTION ART, ed. by Brian Aldiss (Bounty Books, selling from Publisher's Central for \$4.98) At that price, it's a good buy, though the initial \$10 price was too high. It's large-size, 10-1/2 x 15, and 128 pages, with about half in color. The color plates aren't as good as those on most of the other art books on the market, but the selection and arrangement of artists is better. Aldiss lists an artist and then provides from 1 to 3 pages of his work, generally in both color and black and white. It gives you only a bare sample from each artist, but it does this logically, and it covers artists you can't find in other books. (I believe it's the only general art book to include Edd Cartier, and it includes some of the better art from the British Nova magazines - but not from NEBULA, which in later issues had even better covers.) There are errors; Gerard Quinn is consistently referred to as "Gerald". But mostly it's excellently done, and the color work is acceptable if not top quality. (And for me, the larger-than-cover-size reproduction of Quinn's lost city from a 1954 SCIENCE FANTASY is worth \$5 all by itself. I wonder who has the original of that - and if he/she would sell it?) Paperback. -Recommended

SCIENCE FICTION ART, by Chris Foss (Hart-Davis, MacGibbon, Ltd., £1.95) An even larger size, 11-1/2 x 18-1/4, containing 10 of Foss's paintings, with excellent color reproduction. Foss was one of the mainstays of S F MONTHLY; he's the one whose spaceships look like he's carved a model out of balsa wood to work by. Price is a bit steep, but the art and color work are worth it. Paperback.

EDD CARTIER: THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN, ed. by Dean Cartier (Gerry de la Rec, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, NJ 07458 - \$15) Hardcover, very nicely bound, limited and numbered edition of 2000. (I have #52 because I ordered it as soon as I found out about it.) Contains 5 pages of material about Cartier, and 120 pages of his black-and-white drawings for ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN. (Restricted to these magazines, it says in the introduction, because these were the only illustrations Cartier ever got back from the publisher.) I think it was Maggie Thompson who said that she used to read some stories simply because Cartier illustrated them - because he made them look interesting. A magazine artist can have no higher accolade. Many of the items here are from de Camp fiction; Cartier and de Camp always worked well together. I hadn't realized it until getting this book, but Cartier had a lot in common with Tim

Kirk. Both are outstanding on humorous material - and both have problems with the weird-horror genre because their monsters tend to look cute instead of menacing. (Cartier produced the most dissipated-looking werewolves of anyone in fantasy art.) Highly recommended; you'll never get a better fantasy art book.

POEMS OF THE SEA, by William Hope Hodgson (Ferret Fantasy, 27 Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, London SW17 7BX - hmm. No price listed and I can't find the F&SF Book Co. catalog I bought it from). This is a slim - 60pp - book of verse.

In the introduction, George Locke mentions that Hodgson couldn't sell his poetry during his life; after reading the book, I see why. It's adequate but definitely uninspired. All of it concerning the sea, naturally. Mood pieces - like his fiction - but not fantasy. Profusely illustrated by a variety of artists; quality ranges from mediocre to excellent.

SF PUBLISHED IN 1974, ed. by Joanne Burger (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, TX 77566)

SF PUBLISHED IN 1975 " " " " " These are paperbound volumes, 8-1/2 x 11, 40 to 50 pages. The title covers them; they are bibliographic efforts, and as far as I can tell they're quite complete. Very well reproduced. Recommended to the bibliographers and historians in our midst. And you'll have to ask Joanne what the prices are because they're not listed anywhere in here that I can find. They list title, author, publisher, price, and occasionally notes such as "juvenile". Indexed by both title and author.

THE MARCHERS OF VALHALLA, by Robert E. Howard (Don Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI 02892 - \$15.00) A reprint. The first Grant edition was in standard hardcover book size; this is in his large - 7-1/4 x 10-1/4 - size, for better display of art. Contains 3 novelets; the title story, "The Thunder-Rider", and "The Grey God Passes" - the latter story not available in the earlier edition. Howard's stories are best when they are frankly about some never-never land, with no jarring realities (such as a Pawnee "warrior maiden" named Conchita in one story); he paid no attention to history and was better off when he avoided it altogether. The stories here feature one totally imaginary land of "pre-history", one based on Irish legend (based about as loosely as most Hollywood efforts turn out to be), and one even less realistic tale of an allegedly Indian hero and a city of evil in the southwest. They're rather fun to read (if you're a male; Howard was nothing if not a male chauvinist), but not to be taken seriously. 11 paintings - one of them a double-page spread - and a wrap-around dustjacket illustration by Marcus Boas, all of them good examples of the muscular-hero type art. I enjoyed them, even while I was laughing at some of the more impossible events, but mostly you get this one for the art.

QUEENS WALK IN THE DUSK, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Heritage Press Inc., P.O. Box 721, Forest Park, GA 30050 - \$15.00) Actually, I've only seen one bound copy of this, and it didn't have the cover printed. I have an advance pb copy. The printing is excellent; the physical characteristics of the book are fine. The artwork is miserable, but then I knew that before I ordered a copy; I saw the originals at the 1976 Rivercon. They are by Jeff Jones, and there are a lot of Jones fans around, and he was, evidently, Swann's favorite artist. (But he's not mine, and even a Swann tragedy deserves better than these muddy, gloomy paintings. Swann's books are colorful and the style is light and Jones fails utterly to capture any of it.) As far as I know, this is Swann's last book, and his only fantasy to make hard covers. The story is the legend of Aeneas and Dido, retold in a typical Swann style to fit his Mediterranean legendry and mythology. It's a prequel to THE GREEN PHOENIX, though it negates one of the premises of that book ("Ascanius had never liked the queen of Carthage.") It is also one of Swann's best books, and well worth your money, whether you like the art or not. (88)

THE DREAM OF X, by William Hope Hodgson (Don Grant, \$15.00) A short - "butchered" might be a more appropriate word - version of THE NIGHT LAND. In his introduction, Sam Moskowitz speculates that it was done to save the US copyright. If so, it's an interesting bit of history, but as reading matter it's negligible. The artwork - 14

color plates by Steve Fabian, is more worthy of your money. There are one or two mediocre ones, but they range upwards to some of the best art I've seen in a book recently. Binding is Grant's usual meticulous excellence. Buy it for the art, but find an uncut copy of the novel if you want to read it.

I've been slower than usual; since typing the review on the previous page I got the fully-bound copy of QUEENS WALK IN THE DUST. (#69; I ordered that one as soon as I found out about it, too.) Beautiful job of binding. Clear plastic dustjacket, with the cover imprinted with both the title and a small illustration. Go buy a copy, even if it does have lousy art; the rest of the book is outstanding. (And the art isn't all bad - the endpapers are nice.)

FOR WANT OF A NAIL, by Robert Sobel (Macmillan; remaindered for \$1.98) When this first appeared I couldn't afford the \$13 price tag; by the time I got into that bracket of book-buying, I was able to get a remaindered copy from Dean McLaughlin. This is, essentially, a textbook; the author calls it a "political and economic history". With the accent on economics. Since it covers almost 200 years (it might have sold better as a Bicentennial volume) the coverage is necessarily sketchy, even in 400 pages plus index and bibliography. But it gives a good basic grounding in the history of North America from the rebellion of 1776 to the current Cold War. For casual reading, it's considerably too dry; it's almost a parody of the stuffier sort of economic history texts. The average reader - like me - is apt to wish for fewer charts of Gross National Products and more attention to the action; while the author covers everything from Burgoyne's victory at Saratoga through the Wilderness Walk, the founding of the Republic of Jefferson and later formation of the United States of Mexico, the Rocky Mountain War, Global War, and so on until the present confrontation between Mexico and the Confederation of North America, he does so rather perfunctorily. His real love is obviously economics. Another objection is to the lack of maps; the book contains only one map, and it's a poor one. Finding road maps in this day and age that locate such places as Conyers, Fort Webster, or even North City is not always easy to do. Despite flaws, however, I believe this is the best overall history of both the C.N.A. and U.S.M. that I've seen. The index proves that the author has done his homework; all the important books from Joan Kahn's SECRET HISTORY OF THE KINCAID ASSASSINATION to Benedict Arnold's TOWARD A NEW JERUSALEM are included. An outstanding, if dry, history. (77)

DARK UNIVERSE, by Daniel F. Galouye (Gregg Press, \$8.50) Hardcover reprint of one of science-fiction's better adventure novels. It lost the 1962 Hugo to STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, but it's a better book than some years' winners. Galouye does a marvelous job of evoking a world without light and the confusion attendant upon the discovery of vision by the residents of such a world. The characters are vivid; if not fully-formed, they're at least a stiffer grade of cardboard than usual. This edition was apparently photocopied from the 1961 Bantam paperback, with a so-so introduction by Robert Thurston added. I have the pb, but I wanted a more permanent edition; if you don't have the pb, by all means buy this. (86)

A GENERATION REMOVED, by Gary K. Wolf (Doubleday, \$6.95) A fairly standard adventure novel; the youth takeover, euthanasia, and the geriatric underground. Fast-paced, plenty of action, but it never becomes very real to the reader. An acceptable time-waster but nothing to particularly watch for. (49)

CATCHWORLD, by Chris Boyce (Doubleday, \$6.95) A starship, looking for a race that has attacked Earth from space, crewed by a pack of neurotics and overseen by a super-computer which makes Hal look sane and dependable. The action is drowned by the mental conflicts, and they're no more believable than in the average potboiler. More pretentious, but not more believable. (31)

THE DEVIL WITH LOVE, by Robert Nathan (Knopf, 1967) I got my copy from the Marion library. (Borrowed, not stolen.) A gently humorous conflict between a parish priest and the demon Samael, who is trying rather ineptly to recreate Faust in a modern community. Even Nathan's demons are gentlemen, which I'm sure is a trifle odd theologically but makes for a quietly enjoyable story, and enhances his usual moral that

love is all-important. Not up to Nathar's best efforts, but well worth reading. (73)

THE MALACIA TAPESTRY, by Brian Aldiss (Harper & Row, \$8.95) Having disliked all of Aldiss's recent fiction and most of his articles, I surprised myself by enjoying this immensely. Basically, it's a medieval novel; there seems to be no real need for any of the fantasy included (except to sell a few more copies?) The central character is an actor, whose major ambition is to get ahead in the world without having to work for his advancement. Neither he nor any of the characters he meets are at all likeable, which normally turns me off a book. But the portrayals are so well-drawn and the characters so interesting, that my aversion to their personalities was overcome. (Though I was always glad that I was reading about them instead of trying to live with them.) There's little action; Aldiss is looking at manners and morals and the corruption of society. Not at all profound, but vastly entertaining. (76)

THE WAR MACHINES OF KALINTH, by Gene Lancour (Doubleday, \$5.95) Second volume in the series about the barbarian warrior Dirshan. He's about the standard model for barbarian warriors; that is to say, despite all the fast action I tended to go to sleep. (34)

A WREATH OF STARS, by Bob Shaw (Doubleday, \$5.95) Somebody in here, either Shaw or the copy-editor, needs to know the difference between "pressured" and "pressurized" because they keep getting it wrong. Otherwise, it's an action novel with a lot of celestial mechanics to get the plot rolling. Nothing exciting, but competently done; the idea of a sort of other-dimensional Earth that doesn't quite match the orbit of ours is interesting, and the alien contact is done well, though the human villainies approach melodrama. (55)

HEIR OF SEA AND FIRE, by Patricia McKillip (Atheneum, \$7.95) Second book of a series of 3; since I didn't read the first one, it came across a bit confusing. Especially since, like LORD OF THE RINGS, it's not a "trilogy" but a single story broken up into 3 books for publishing convenience. But it looks like an interesting story; enough so that I'm going to pick up the first book, THE RIDDLE-MASTER OF HED. Essentially juvenile; for mundane teen-age girls or almost any fan from 10 to 60. In this installment, Raederle sets out to find her betrothed, and after adventures ranging from interfering in a local war to making a deal with a dead king, she succeeds. Lovely dustjacket by Michael Mariano, whoever he may be. (67)

LAND OF UNREASON, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt (Tom Stacey Ltd.) No price on the book, and I picked it up at a convention and have no idea what I paid for it. An acceptably done hardcover reprint of the saga of an American diplomat at King Oberon's court. It's the usual Pratt/de Camp mix of adventure, humor, and mythology, well handled. (78)

FROSTWORLD AND DREAMFIRE, by John Morressy (Doubleday, \$6.95) A good adventure novel of a lone alien barbarian trying to find his people. The action is fairly standard but the characters are interesting, and human greed shown without being overdone as it is in so many novels. (59)

AB TO ZOGG, by Eve Merriam (Atheneum, \$5.95) A slim little volume with nothing much to its credit. The blurb calls it whimsy, but it's too bumbling and heavy-handed for that. The subtitle is "A Lexicon for Science-Fiction and Fantasy Readers" and it is composed of the sort of nonsense-words and silly definitions that a bright third-grader might come up with to amuse his/her friends and exasperate parents. Merriam needs to take lessons from Barbara Ninde Byfield before she does any more humorous lexicons. (27)

ASSAULT ON THE GODS, by Stephen Goldin (Doubleday, \$6.95) Goldin's conversations bother me; none of them sound anything like the way real people talk. He manages an interesting adventure plot and a few good characters, but every time his characters open their mouths my sense of wonder is sidetracked into a different direction. Central character here is a woman; a device which might be applauded by fannish feminists. And if you don't mind awkward conversations, you'll probably enjoy this. (48)

THE SUNSET WARRIOR, by Eric van Lustbader (Doubleday, \$6.95) Intrigue and adventure. Galouye took pains to make his cave world convincing; Lustbader could be writing about any self-contained feudal system, with stock characters and a stock plot borrowed from some early "private eye" novel. It's done slickly and hangs together well enough (if you don't start wondering about the underlying science; if you do, it falls apart immediately). (36)

EYE AMONG THE BLIND, by Robert P. Holdstock (Doubleday, \$6.95) Another intergalactic Menace; mental, this time. You can tell that Holdstock is a British writer; his central characters are an estranged married couple. (Though he's more innovative about their problems than the average Briton.) This is more about mental attitudes than action; I found it a rather elementary look at mental attitudes, but then I'm prejudiced against that type of writing, and the mere hint of pretentiousness - which this has - annoys me. Worth trying for yourself....but don't expect too much. (46)

SILVER ON THE TREE, by Susan Cooper (Atheneum, \$7.95) The problem of writing about a final confrontation between Good and Evil is that the human characters aren't going to matter, and whatever actions they take seem too puny to control the forces involved. (Not to mention that once you've established that the slightest misstep means a victory for the Enemy, then if you're going to have a happy ending the problems faced by the heroes must be resolved by a monotonous series of easy wins.) Which is to say that this book, the final volume in her series "The Dark Is Rising", gets pretty dull in the middle. The conclusion, actually, is pretty good; the last 40 pages or so are well up to the standards set in the earlier books. But the adult reader may not be able to struggle through the 200 or so previous pages to get to the good stuff. Overall, the 5-book series is quite good; it's essentially juvenile, but with enough sophistication to keep most adults reading. It's based on Arthurian and other British and Welsh legends, and well handled except for the padding in this volume. (45)

VIRGIL FINLAY PART 1 (Trek Publications, 2500 Pennington St., Houston, TX 77093 - \$2.50) I picked this one up at Windycon. It's a 32-page booklet, 8-1/2 x 11, with stiff paper covers, and features slightly oversized reproductions of Finlay black-and-white illustrations. The publisher calls it a "fine art publication", which is a trifle misleading. I'd guess that the reproductions were made from the magazine illustrations and not from the original artwork, and reproduction quality is more or less adequate but a long way from "fine". It's well worth the price, especially if one is a Finlay fan (and I am), but you get what you pay for; it's not a high-quality publication at an incredible bargain. No credit is given to original publication, and I just noticed that this booklet bears no copyright. Mainly, it puts some nice Finlay work within the price range of the poor neofan.

MIND OF MY MIND, by Octavia E. Butler (Doubleday, \$6.95) A prequel to the author's earlier PATTERNMASTER. One of the few novels based on mental power that didn't strike me as incredibly dull. The struggle of Doro and Mary to control their mental powers - and each other - makes an interesting story. Not precisely memorable, but well worth reading. (64)

NEW DIMENSIONS #7, ed. by Robert Silverberg (Harper & Row, \$8.95) Original-fiction anthology. Stories are "The Retro Man" by Gordon Eklund (alien contact and a sort of alien curse; I don't really believe in the protagonist's reformation, but the story was well above Eklund's average), "The State of the Art on Alyssum" by Marta Randall (a depiction of alien characters within a rather thin plot; acceptable but unmemorable), "Black As The Pit, From Pole To Pole," by Steven Utley and Howard Waldrop (a farcical mixture of all the hollow-earth plot elements the authors could stuff in; I found it more technically interesting than readable), "You Are Here" by Phyllis and Alex Eisenstein (the story of a spaceship tragedy unfolding slowly thru the actions/thoughts of a child; nicely done but not my type), "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat" by J. A. Lawrence (a rather cutesy tale of greed and disaster), "The Almost Empty Rooms" by John Shirley (a flawed superman - or a madman - watching the

end of the world; an interesting technical exercise but not much of a story), "In The Stocks" by Barry Malzberg (I don't read Malzberg any more), "Home Sweet Geriatric Dome" by Felix Gotschalk (mood piece on age and futility; somewhat boring), "Knowing Her" by Greg Benford (psychological study of the fear of death, again without a story to back it), "The Blood's Horizon" by A. A. Attanasio (the production of psychic supermen), "Several Ways, And The Sun" by Henry-Luc Planchat (a poetic evocation of the human spirit) and "The Princess In The Tower 250,000 Miles High" by Fritz Leiber (a fable, the burb says). Overall, the book is concerned with ideas and popular psychology; plots are weak or nonexistent and the characters are stereotyped neurotics. If you like that sort of thing, fine. (36)

UNIVERSE #7, Ed. by Terry Carr (Doubleday, \$5.95) Another original anthology. Includes "A Rite of Spring" by Fritz Leiber (fantasy and number-games; not really much of a story, but quite enjoyable), "My Lady of the Psychiatric Sorrows" by Brian Aldiss (a moderately original neurotic confrontation), "Probability Storm" by Julian Reid (another barroom fantasy; the editor calls it "ingenious and funny" and I'll grant the first half of that, which makes it better than average these days), "People Reviews" by Robert Chilson (the ultimate recording process and perhaps an ironic comment on people who pay more attention to their image than to their reality; excellent), "Ibid." by George Alec Effinger (a moderately interesting idea, in an episode rather than a story), "The Marvelous Brass Chessplaying Automaton" by Gene Wolfe (a fascinating tale of con men with subconscious power; a nicely ironic ending confirming the wages of greed), "Brain Fever Season" by R. A. Lafferty (the passionate pursuit of knowledge; fabulous and funny), and "The Ninth Symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven and Other Lost Songs" by Carter Scholz (a thoroughly nasty commentary on the academic mentality). Overall, the Chilson, Wolfe, Lafferty and Scholz stories are excellent, which makes this one of the best new-story anthologies I've encountered. (81)

THE HUGO WINNERS, Vol. 3, ed. by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday, \$12.95) The short story, novelet, and other sub-novel-length winners of the Hugo from 1970 thru 1975, plus notes by the authors and the editor and a listing of all winners from those years. Stories include "Ship of Shadows" by Fritz Leiber, "Ill Met In Lankhmar" by Leiber, "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon, "The Queen of Air and Darkness" by Poul Anderson, "Inconstant Moon" by Larry Niven, "The Word For The World Is Forest" by Ursula le Guin, "Goat Song" by Anderson, "The Meeting" by Pohl & Kornbluth, "Eurema's Dam" by R. A. Lafferty, "The Girl Who Was Plugged In" by James Tiptree, Jr., "The Deathbird" by Harlan Ellison, "The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas" by le Guin, "A Song For Lya" by George R.R. Martin, "Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans" by Ellison, and "The Whole Man" by Niven. A trifle over 600 pages for your money. All the stories are at least good; some are excellent. (One or two are even the best of their respective years....) Well worth the money if you haven't seen them before; and if you have, you may want them in book form anyway. (84)

THE FUZZY PAPERS, by H. Beam Piper (secondhand) This was a Book Club selection; it contains Piper's two "Fuzzy" novels, LITTLE FUZZY and THE OTHER HUMAN RACE. Even with two full novels, it's only a bit over 300 pages; they're short but good. I picked it up because I decided the books were worth having in hard covers. Original publication dates are 1962 and 1964, so you should have already read them. If you haven't, go do it. (85)

BELIEVERS'WORLD, by Robert Lowndes (secondhand) An Avalon edition. I always liked this comedy of faith and belief and the beautifully inconsequential underpinnings of the faith. Not great writing, but enjoyable. (58)

THE EVERLASTING EXILES; by Wallace West (secondhand) Another Avalon; a theoretically rousing adventure novel of alien spies on Earth, this time written from the alien viewpoint. Sort of fun, if one doesn't expect too much. (57)

ASTRA AND FLONDRIX, by Seumas Cullen (Pantheon, \$3.95) This is blurbed as "an erotic Tolkien". The eroticism is there, but unfortunately the Tolkien isn't; not even a passable imitation of it. The blurb also claims the story contains humor, which

is at best debatable; it might be considered hilarious in a highschool locker room but it bored the hell out of me. There is a lot of ribald sex; if you think that's funny by itself, you'll love the book. If you want a point to your jokes, forget it. If an erotic heroic-fantasy had to be written, it's too bad Thorne Smith did not live to write it. (27)

FLOATING WORLDS, by Cecelia Holland (Pocket Books, \$1.95) This is an excellent novel. Unfortunately, it's a lousy science-fiction novel. I think Holland would have done better to use time travel to set up her culture confrontation between a black New York college girl and a band of 12th-century Mongols. Setting it in the future and calling the Mongols "mutants" doesn't work because it so obviously is not the future. Her grubby Anarchist government of Earth is a nice touch - not for her the emotionalism of utopia or anti-utopia based on an idea. But it's also rather obviously the New York City government, circa 1977. (And it's not an anarchy, or at least I don't think it is; she shows too little of its operation for the reader to tell.) Neither are the floating worlds of the title - satellites of the outer planets, presumably man-made or man-transformed - described in any detail or made even slightly believable. Her space battles are farcical. But - the characters in this improbable setting are among the best-drawn in science fiction. Anarchist Paula Mendoza is thoroughly believable (though hardly bright enough to be trusted with the mission she is assigned); Saba and Tanuojin are both believable and exotic, which is hard to do. When the characters interact with each other, the book is fascinating. When there are explanations of the background, the mood evaporates like dry ice. It's long - over 500 pages - but worth reading if you can keep your temper while plowing through the background material. (67)

THE SEEKING SWORD, by Jaan Kangilaski (Ballantine, \$1.95) The title and cover put me off reading this one by making it sound like a typical sword-and-sorcery novel. It's not. It is, in fact, one of my favorite types of fantasy; the strange happening in the modern world which leads the investigator ever deeper into the unexplainable. Very well handled, too. The protagonist starts out investigating an unusual murder for the possibility of doing a book about it, and ends battling a prehistoric curse. Excellent. (94)

DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE, by Tanith Lee (Daw #226, \$1.25) Sequel to DON'T BITE THE SUN, and I surprised myself by liking it. Possibly because it's shorter and much faster-paced, more probably because in this book the heroine is doing something instead of running around looking for her identity. (So maybe if you liked the first book you won't like this.) Book is independent; not necessary to read the earlier volume first. (76)

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, by Kate Wilhelm (Pocket Books, \$1.75) The author seems to have a thing about clones. Here, they are used as a means of survival after the plagues and sterility. Only - they aren't quite human, and they have an urge toward conformity that dwarfs even that of a bureaucrat, and there are problems. Very well done; if the characters aren't quite as well-drawn as Cecelia Holland's, the science is far superior. (85)

ORPHAN STAR, by Alan Dean Foster (Ballantine, \$1.50) Sequel to THE TAR-AIYM KRANG. Reasonably good; Flix is a bit too lucky to be true, but in general it's a well-written adventure novel, and Sylzenzuzex is a fascinating alien. ("Fascinating" seems to be my overused word this month; comes of typing reviews directly on stencil.) (70)

THE RIDDLE-MASTER OF HED, by Patricia McKillip (Atheneum, \$7.95) I liked the second book in the series well enough to buy this one at Windycon. It's somewhat of a disappointment; the opening is too juvenile for the rest of the plot, and there seems to have been a lot of offstage action between the first and second books. Also, Morgon's continuing refusals to face his destiny may well be a good human reaction, but since you know he's going to do it (or there wouldn't be any story), they start getting monotonous after awhile. There are good parts, but if I'd read this first, I don't think I'd have paid money for the second book. As it is...I'll see how the

final volume wraps things up.

(45)

NEMO, by Ron Goulart (Berkley, \$1.25) Watergate extrapolated in Goulart's usual fashion; a criminal president doing all sorts of illegal things, not very eptly, and an underground and a protagonist with super powers, etc. Not hilariously funny but not to be taken seriously, either. Acceptable.

(60)

THE PANCHRONICON PLOT, by Ron Goulart (Daw #231, \$1.25) One of the Wild Talent series. This time our heroes are called in to stop a politician who is dumping his opponents and other inconvenient people in to the past via an illegal time machine. Somewhat funnier than the above item; Goulart has a talent for exaggerating the ridiculous elements of contemporary society, and his satires are often both funny and pointed.

(74)

NO NIGHT WITHOUT STARS, by Andre Norton (Fawcett, \$1.75) I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. An after-the-Bomb story, with the mental powers of the future pitted against the surviving destructive science of the past. A good adventure novel; fairly typical Norton.

(69)

THE GODS ABIDE, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Daw #222, \$1.25) Swann has brought together an assortment of legendary creatures this time, from Celtic and Etruscan myth. His usual quiet tale of love and loss (reminding me even more strongly than usual of the work of Robert Nathan). Dylan the roane, Nodotus and Stella the corn sprites and Angus the telchin make an interesting band, and I rather wished the book was longer.

(76)

SHAKESPEARE'S PLANET, by Clifford D. Simak (Berkley, \$1.25) An assortment of strange space-travelers, stranded on an even stranger planet. Very little action; this is a story of ideas and moods. The moral seems to be that a loss of Self is necessary for paradise (which is a fairly common idea but not one that I think very highly of). However, whatever my disagreements with the point of the story, I generally enjoyed the book. Not, perhaps, up to Simak's best, but good.

(58)

WALKERS ON THE SKY, by David J. Lake (Daw #223, \$1.25) Aside from the obvious opening left for a sequel - or a series of sequels - this is a well-done barbaric-adventure book and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The planet is gorgeously alien, and more or less believable once the explanation is given. Worth a suspension of disbelief, anyway. Characters are fairly stock, as is the plot; they're handled competently enough, but it's the background that makes or breaks a book like this, and Lake has a good one.

(68)

THE TRIUNE MAN, by Richard A. Lupoff (Berkley, \$1.50) A really split personality, operating as a comicstrip artist, an engineer/inventor, and the leader of a fascist movement. The body housing all these people is picked up by aliens who are looking for someone to solve some urgent problems for them (such as the more or less imminent destruction of the universe) and they're a trifle bewildered as the personality keeps changing on them.... Essentially, however, it's not a comedy but an adventure novel. (I wish Dick would write a comedy sometime, though.) Nothing remarkable about it, but it's readable; the comics episodes in particular bear the stamp of reality (write about what you know).

(56)

THE DEVIL AND W. KASPAR, by Benjamin Appel (Popular Library, \$1.50) An ironic tale of the world saved by "Kama Mara, the Evil One". (The only Kama I can locate is the Hindu god of love, but I'm not up on oriental religions.) There is a lot of Buddhist/Hindu jargon, a lot of action, and not all that much interest, as far as I was concerned.

(36)

THE ANARCHISTIC COLOSSUS, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, \$1.75) I confess that I quit reading van Vogt years ago, at least as far as his novels went, after realizing that I had never encountered a particularly good one. If you like him, here is one.

DIADEM FROM THE STARS, by Jo Clayton (Daw #235, \$1.50) I wish new authors didn't feel that they have to start out with a series. This is a first book in one; more or less complete in itself but ending with an obvious opening for as many sequels

(29)

as the editor will buy. Protagonist is a barbarian woman, an outcast, intelligent and with special powers obtained more or less by accident. (By a very unlikely coincidence, actually.) Her adventures are fairly interesting, and she's well enough drawn to be an excellent protagonist for one novel. But I have a feeling we'll see more of her than I would prefer. Well, for this time it's an acceptable book if not outstanding. Nice cover by Whelan. (55)

DEATH WIND, by William C. Heine (Pyramid, \$1.50) The family-fleeing-from-the-plague plot. I suspect the author visualized it as a movie idea. Or at least I hope he did because it comes across very boringly as a book. Overdone. (31)

THE SINGER ENIGMA, by Ann Maxwell (Popular Library, \$1.25) Aliens and mental powers, none of them terribly believable. I didn't finish it.

STAR COURIER, by A. Bertram Chandler (Daw #234, \$1.25) Another Grimes story, direct sequel to THE BIG BLACK MARK, I believe. Pretty much the usual problems and of course the solution. I still read Chandler, but sometimes I wonder why. (44)

LARK AND THE GOLDEN TIDE, by Colum MacConnell (Leisure Books, \$1.50) "In The Tradition of Conan" it says on the cover. It's closer to being a poor imitation of Eafhrd and the Mouser, actually, but there is lots of swordplay and action and beautiful women and coincidences. It does have one good thing in its favor; it doesn't appear to be part of a series. (35)

THE TIME CONNECTION, by Thomas F. Monteleone (Popular Library, \$1.25) Strange; I feel as if this is the straight version of which our GATES OF THE UNIVERSE was a parody....only Gene and I had ours written first. It's a fair try at the humans-becoming-a-vital-cog-in-the-salvation-of-the-galactic-civilization plot, but it doesn't rate a cigar, largely because Ed Hamilton, did the same thing so frequently and so much better. Not a bad book; just not a particularly good one. (41)

THE SPACE VAMPIRES, by Colin Wilson (Pocket Books, \$1.75) I skimmed this, which was more of it than I really wanted to read. Nobody in here has any character that I even believe in, much less sympathise with, and they all talk in abstractions. Explaining vampires as aliens has been done before - and better - and it doesn't make them any more believable.

WILDEBLOOD'S EMPIRE, by Brian M. Stableford (Daw #263, \$1.50) Third in the "Dae-dalus" series, which puts a couple of strikes against it immediately, from my point of view. So, no comment on the grounds of prejudice.

THE SOUND OF WINTER, by Arthur Byron Cover (Pyramid, \$1.25) A novel-length mood piece. Cover is big on mood and cryptic psychological utterances and short on character and interest. I didn't read enough of it to say how his plotting is.

SPACE VISITOR, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, \$1.50) A fair idea; an international crew of a lunar spaceship finds an alien ship on the moon - or rather, one member of it does. Then, of course, comes the question; does he report the find to the international sponsors of the flight, or to his own country, or does he conceal the evidence to prevent a nuclear squabble over the loot? From there on, it's all action and international spies and the like. A fair time-waster but nothing new or outstanding. (38)

CHAUVINISTO, by Sam Merwin, Jr. (Major Books, \$1.25) The background of global gladiators as a substitute for war, and one of them discovering that all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Everyone takes a shot at this idea sooner or later; Merwin produces a competent adventure but nothing more; putting it on the basis of male/female rivalry is no more than a gimmick. (46)

NEUTRON STARS, ed. by Gregory Fitz Gerald (Fawcett, \$1.95) The title doesn't seem to have anything at all to do with the contents, but it's a pretty good anthology. The editor has opted for a few novelets instead of numerous short stories to fill his 480 pages and this almost guarantees him an increase in quality. Stories include "The Sensitive Man" by Poul Anderson (agent vs. fascist plot, but the protagonist is the most logical fictional superman yet developed; worth reading), "I

"Sing The Body Electric" by Ray Bradbury (the need of children to be loved; a bit sugary like most Bradbury, but acceptable), "Nerves" by Lester del Rey (the original novelet version of the best atomic-disaster story yet written), "The Roads Must Roll" by Robert A. Heinlein (sidewalks and responsibility; one of his early stories, which are believable as those of no other science fiction writer), "Dark Benediction" by Walter M. Miller, Jr. ((a plague from space with some unusual results; Miller was one of the best writers in the field for the short time he was in it), "The Weans" by Robert Nathan (a satire and one exception to the rule that longer stories are better; I never liked this much until I heard Theodore Bikel recite a shortened version on a record), "The Midas Plague" by Fred Pohl (an oft-reprinted satire, though I have never understood why), "Love Among The Ruins" by Evelyn Waugh (a satire on British society - particularly British socialist society) and "Consider Her Ways" by John Wyndham (the female society of the future - depicted in a manner that will outrage every feminist. But Wyndham foretold the clash of cultures very accurately; it's just that it's going on 10 years after he wrote it - more or less; no copyright date is given and I'm lazy -instead of hundreds.) Overall, the book is worth the money if you haven't already read most of it.

THE 1977 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, ed. by Don Wollheim (Daw #240, \$1.75) Includes "Appearance of Life" by Brian Aldiss (somewhat overdone irony and bad psychology), "Overdrawn At The Memory Bank" by John Varley (a fascinatingly original idea - a man hooked into a computer for a "vacation trip" is trapped there - exceptionally well worked out), "Those Good Old Days of Liquid Fuel" by Michael Coney (somewhat of a parody of our nostalgia craze, with a neat psychological twist at the finish), "The Hertford Manuscript" by Richard Cowper (an excellent time-travel novelet and a good accurate look at some of the "good old days"), "Natural Advantage" by Lester del Rey (alien contact with the Earth on the brink of disaster; I liked it, but then I liked it when Arthur C. Clarke did it as "Rescue Party", too) "The Bicentennial Man" by Isaac Asimov (the problem of humanity, and what human nature might mean to someone who didn't have it), "The Cabinet of Oliver Naylor" by Barrington J. Bayley (the confusion of visions with reality, to the point of having the visions consider themselves real), "My Boat" by Joanna Russ (belief made real), "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" by James Tiptree, Jr. (the feminist future, portrayed far more interestingly than is usual) and "I See You" by Damon Knight (the horrors - and advantages - of a machine that can see into the past). A good book. Best of the year? Well, Tiptree, Varley, Cowper and Coney make it; if the others aren't the best, they're well worth reading. 280 pages.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR, ed. by Lester del Rey (Ace, \$1.75) Del Rey picks shorter entries for his 250 pages. "If This Is Winnetka, You Must Be Judy", by F. M. Busby (a life lived in disconnected segments; interesting idea, nicely done), "Sleeping Dogs" by Harlan Ellison (an aphorism turned into space-opera), "The Mountains of Sunset, the Mountains of Dawn" by Vonda McIntyre (the depiction of an alien life-form plus the standard generations-ship plot; very interesting technically, moderately enjoyable), "Earth Mother" by Carolyn Gloeckner (future life, with a nice horrifying kicker; good), "Dream Gone Green" by Alan Dean Foster (the enduring bond between man and pet; nice story even though I never believed a word of it), "The Night Is Cold, The Stars Are Far Away" by Mildred Downey Broxon (the love of facts for their own sake; a story I empathise with), "Ad Astra" by Harry Harrison (future guerrilla warfare), "And Name My Name" by R. A. Lafferty (another of his putdowns of humanity; another one I can empathise with), "What Friends Are For" by John Brunner (nice commentary on human emotional reactions; too bad it's fiction), "Mute Inglorius Tam" by Fred Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth (the unappreciated storyteller? a natural for a sf author), "The Man Who Came Back" by Robert Silverberg (the uses of monomania), "Dress Rehearsal" by Harvey Jacobs (a more or less - mostly less - account of an attempted alien conquest), "Enter A Pilgrim" by Gordon Dickson (mental as opposed to physical revolt against the dictators), "The Postponed Cure" by Stan Nodvik (a vignette with at least a fair punch line), and "The Birch Clump Cylinder" by Clifford D. Simak (a good time travel story. Overall good. Busby, Lafferty and Broxon may be the best

of the year; the rest are good stories but not award winners.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #6, ed. by Terry Carr (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95) Includes "I See You" by Knight and "The Bicentennial Man" by Asimov, which were also picked by Wollheim. Then there is "The Phantom of Kansas" by John Varley (one of those stories that has a little of everything crammed into 40-odd pages; a mystery, a new artform, plausible science, interesting characters), "Seeing" by Harlan Ellison (Harlan objects to my reviewing his fiction), "The Death of Princes" by Fritz Leiber (interesting variant of alien influence - or contact?), "The Psychologist Who Wouldn't Do Awful Things To Rats" by James Tiptree, Jr. (an acid look at the psychology of psychologists), "The Eyeflash Miracles" by Gene Wolfe (the second coming? and another nasty comment on psychologists, now that I consider it), "An Infinite Summer" by Christopher Priest (an interesting episode of emotional fantasy, but not all that much of a story), "The Highest Dive" by Jack Williamson (an acceptable scientific gimmick but again not much of a story), "Meathouse Man" by George R. R. Martin (interesting gadgetry, acceptable plot, characterization, etc. - the idea of scientifically contrived zombies is good enough to make the story), and "Custer's Last Jump" by Steven Utley and Howard Waldrop (the editor calls it "one of the most original and detailed alternate-world stories in science fiction" and it is - it's also one of the least logical and believable, but since it's intended as humor that's not an irredeemable drawback). Varley's story certainly rates a best of the year list; Wolfe and Tiptree perhaps....the others are good, above-average stories (though I'm not sure I'd rate Williamson and Priest that high). If you only can afford one best-of-the-year book, get Wollheim's, though they're all three probably worth the money.

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES, Series IV, ed. by Jerry Page (Daw #217, \$1.25) Includes "Forever Stand The Stones" by Joe Pumilia, "And Don't Forget The One Red Rose" by Avram Davidson, "Christmas Present" by Ramsey Campbell, "A Question of Guilt" by Hal Clement, "The House on Stillcroft Street" by Joseph Payne Brennan, "The Recrudescence of Geoffrey Marvell" by G. N. Gabbard, "Something Had To Be Done" by David Drake, "Cottage Tenant" by Frank Belknap Long, "The Man With The Aura" by R. A. Lafferty, "White Wolf Calling" by C. L. Grant, "Lifeguard" by Arthur Byron Cover, "The Black Captain" by H. Warner Munn, "The Glove" by Fritz Leiber, "No Way Home" by Brian Lumley, and an article, "The Lovecraft Controversy - Why?" by E. Hoffman Price. This is a much better book than previous horror anthologies. I can't say I'm an expert in the field, but Pumilia's time-traveler, Davidson's harried mechanic, Clement's desperate Greek who has a glimmering of the science involved to save his son but lacks the technology, and Drake's determined sergeant are all among the best of the year in any category. Most of the other stories are good, and Price's article is excellent, though I doubt if anyone in the field will pay any attention to it. For the money, this is the best "Best" anthology of the lot.

UNIVERSE 6, ed. by Terry Carr (Popular Library, \$1.50) Includes "Journey To The Heartland" by Brian Aldiss, "What Did You Do Last Year?" by Gordon Eklund and Greg Benford, "Custer's Last Jump" by Utley and Waldrop, "The Wine Has Been Left Open Too Long and the Memory Has Gone Flat" by Harlan Ellison, "Under The Generator" by John Shirley, "Stars and Darkness" by Glenn Chang, and "Shifting Parameters In Disappearance and memory" by Charlie Haas. All sorts of psychological insights and significant phrases. The Utley/Waldrop story is the best in the book and you can read that in the "Best" volume up there. Save your money on this one.

ALPHA 7, ed. by Robert Silverberg (Berkley, \$1.50) Includes "Dune Roller" by Julian May, "Shape" by Robert Sheckley, "Transfer Point" by Anthony Boucher, "A Galaxy Called Rome" by Barry Malzberg, "Rejoice, Rejoice, We Have No Choice" by Terry Carr, "Orphans of the Void" by Michael Shaara, "The Luckiest Man In Denv" by C. M. Kornbluth, "For Love", by Algis Budrys, "World War II" by George Alec Effinger, and "The Night of Hoggy Darn" by Richard McKenna. A mixed lot, in several meanings. "Dune Roller" is one of my all-time favorite stories; the others range from good and memorable to stuff I'm sorry I read even once. Styles run from straight adventure to straight symbolism, with all stops in between.

THE DEVIL IN A FOREST, by Gene Wolfe (Follett, \$6.95) I picked this up at Windycon, too - but Gene wasn't there to autograph it for me. A juvenile historical novel; it contains peasant superstitions but no real fantasy. In fact, it is far more realistic and grubby than the usual medieval novel, juvenile or otherwise; the horrors of everyday life are depicted quite graphically. Recommended as an antidote to the general run of swords and sorcery.

THE DOOMFARERS OF CORAMONDE, by Brian Daley (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95) The beginning volume of another endless series, I'm afraid. Still, it's an interesting mixture of elements from "Lord Kalvan", various stories of wrangling petty kingdoms, and even includes a diminutive Conan. Daley puts his diverse elements together skillfully, and 340 pages gives him length to work everything in. The female characters are simply gorgeous background (even Gabrielle, who has possibilities that are never used) and the Evil Wizard is almost a caricature, but overall it's a very enjoyable adventure. I may give up on the series in the middle of the next book, but this one easily held my interest (and it's far more worthy of a big sales push than SWORD OF SHANNARA was). (72)

THE BEST OF EDMOND HAMILTON, ed. by Leigh Brackett (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95)
THE BEST OF LEIGH BRACKETT, ed. by Edmond Hamilton (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95)
Each of these consists of a general foreword by the editor and an afterword by the author, plus the stories. The Hamilton volume contains 20 stories and 380 pages; the Brackett has 10 stories and 420 pages (and is thinner....? Better quality paper, maybe). I rather wish that Hamilton's "Lords of the Morning" had been included, but then he wrote so much that it would be impossible to include everyone's favorites. This does have his single best story, "What's It Like Out There?" along with good ones like "The Pro", "Castaway", "Exile"; and it's a good sampling of Hamilton's career, with copyrights running from 1926 to 1968. In addition to the above, stories include "The Monster-God of Mamurth" (which for some reason isn't listed on the contents page), "The Man Who Evolved", "A Conquest of Two Worlds", "The Island of Unreason", "Thundering Worlds", "The Man Who Returned", "The Accursed Galaxy" (I like the premise of that one), "In The World's Dusk", "Child of the Winds", "The Seeds From Outside", "Fessenden's Worlds", "Easy Money", "He That Hath Wings", "Day of Judgment", "Alien Earth", "Requiem", and "After A Judgment Day". Since my favorite Brackett was a short novel ("Sea-Kings of Mars" or "Sword of Rhiannon"; take your pick of titles) it could hardly be included. Brackett was known primarily for exotic alien backgrounds and slightly alien peoples; if her Low Canal towns were cribbed somewhat from 19th-century accounts of India and Persia it didn't matter - the magic worked anyway. Her stories are always full of the lure of the alien and unknown, and as an armchair adventurer I've always enjoyed them. (And along with the lure of the exotic is the tragedy; her characters tend to be doomed by fate.) Stories here include "The Jewel of Bas", "The Vanishing Venusians", "The Veil of Astellar" (with its terse summation of so many Brackett stories; the protagonist has done his duty to humanity, and "... you're not worth it. Not all the human cattle that breed in the Astellar..."), "The Moon That Vanished" (another of my favorites), "Enchantress of Venus" (one I dislike solely because it's part of her Eric John Stark series), "The Woman From Altair", "The Last Days of Shandakor", "Shannach - The Last", "The Tweener", and "The Queer Ones". Copyrights from 1944 to 1956. The personal glimpses in the forewords and afterwords are good; I'd like to see Leigh do a book on the Hamilton/Brackett battle to subdue an old farmhouse while making a living as writers. Go buy both books; you won't find better ones this round. Brackett(90) Hamilton(85)

STARLIGHT, by Alfred Bester (Berkley, \$1.95) An omnibus volume, combining two previous short story collections. Includes "Ms. Found In A Champagne Bottle", "Fondly Fahrenheit", "The Four-Hour Fugue", "The Men Who Murdered Mohammed", "Disappearing Act", "Hell Is Forever", "Adam and No Eve", "Time Is The Traitor", "Oddy and Id", "Hobson's Choice", "Star Light, Star Bright", "They Don't Make Life Like They Used To", "Of Time and Third Avenue", "The Pi Man", "Something Up There Likes Me" and two articles, "Isaac Asimov" and "My Affair With Science Fiction". Bester's great

feature was that you never knew what he was going to do next; his stories tend to be original and innovative. (Not always good, but always original - and generally good.) Pick up a copy of this and judge for yourself. (65)

THE WORLDS OF THEODORE STURGEON (Ace, \$1.50) Almost 400 pages, and big print. Contains "The Skills of Xanadu", "There Is No Defense", "The Perfect Host", "The Graveyard Reader", "The Other Man", "The Sky Was Full of Ships", "Shottle Bop", "Maturity", "Memorial", and an "editorial-introduction", "From Plynck to Planck". Copyrights from 1941 to 1958 on the stories; neither the earliest nor the latest. Also neither the best nor the worst, but tending toward the worst. The last three stories are classics (and frequently reprinted). The others are a long way from his best efforts, but there is no such thing as a bad Sturgeon story; anything he writes is worth your money, and more. (68)

THE WORLDS OF FRANK HERBERT (Berkley, \$1.75) Not quite 250 pages. "The Tactful Saboteur", "By The Book", "Committee of the Whole", "Mating Call", "Escape Felicity", "GM Effect", "The Featherbedders", "Old Rambling House", and "A-W-F Unlimited". Copyrights 1958 to 1967. I read every one of these when they first came out and when the book appeared I couldn't recall a thing about any of them. Definitely competent but unmemorable fiction. (55)

THE BEST OF JOHN JAKES (Daw #244, \$1.75) A title like that tends to produce snickers among the cognoscenti.... However much of a best-seller Jakes is in the mainstream, most of his stf efforts ranged the gamut from poor to painful. This includes "Machine", "Political Machine", "The Sellers of the Dream", "The Highest Form of Life", "One Race Show", "Love Is A Punch In The Nose", "There's No Vinism like Chauvinism", "Recidivism Preferred", "Here Is Thy Sting", and an excerpt from the novel "On Wheels". At that, he's one up on Herbert; I remembered, favorably even, "The Highest Form of Life". Otherwise it's a mediocre collection. (56)

THE BEST OF CORDWAINER SMITH, ed. by J. J. Pierce (Del Rey/Ballantine, \$2.25) Since Cordwainer Smith's few stories have been printed and reprinted in all possible combinations, anyone who hasn't already read all of them is indeed a newcomer to the field. However, for the record, this includes "Scanners Live In Vain", "The Lady Who Sailed The Soul", "The Game of Rat and Dragon", "The Burning of the Brain", "The Crime and the Glory of Commander Suzdal", "Golden The Ship Was - Oh! Oh! Oh!", "The Dead Lady of Clown Town", "Under Old Earth", "Mother Hitton's Lit-tul Kittons", "Alpha Ralpha Boulevard", "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell", and "A Planet Named Shayol". I didn't like them the first time around and they haven't improved with age, but they're very popular with some fans. Generally (but not entirely) with the fans who prefer emotion to logic. (35)

HIGH JUSTICE, by Jerry Pournelle (Pocket Books, \$1.75) "A Matter of Sovereignty", "Power To The People", "Enforcer", "High Justice", "Extreme Prejudice", "Consort" and "Tinker". These have a big-business background; in some cases the business is the real hero and in some cases it's the villain, but it's always there. Mostly the plots are adventure/mystery. Some are memorable; I recalled "Consort" rather well. Jerry's philosophy will drive most liberal fans up the wall, but I don't particularly object to it (particularly in fiction). (63)

THE INFINITY BOX, by Kate Wilhelm (Pocket Books, \$1.75) Title story, "The Time Piece", "The Red Canary", "Man of Letters", "April Fools' Day Forever", "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?", "The Fusion Bomb", "The Village" and "The Funeral". Two of them have no previous copyright. Since I liked her novels so well, I tried her short stories again, but they're still the sort of thing that ruined the Orbit series. Emotional incidents that never suspend my disbelief for a moment. (30)

GETTING INTO DEATH AND OTHER STORIES, by Thomas Disch (Pocket Books, \$1.75) These are more the type that ruined NEW WORLDS. "The Asion Shore" (with its total lack of logic or common sense), "The Birds", "The Colors", "Death and the Single Girl", "Displaying the Flag", "Feathers From The Wings of An Angel", "Getting Into Death", "The Joycelin Shrager Story", "Let Us Quickly Hasten To the Gate of Ivory", The

Master of the Milford Altarpiece", "The Persistence of Desire", "The Planet Arcadia", "Quincunx", "Soaves", and "X Yes". I didn't read all of them (and I finished very few of what I did read, so perhaps my impression that the entire book is an emotional binge is incorrect. But it remains my opinion.

GET OFF THE UNICORN, by Anne McCaffrey (Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75) One of the more spectacular bloopers in sf; title was supposed to be Get of The Unicorn. (Get your next one published by WESTERN HORSEMAN, Anne, and you won't run into those little mistakes....) Several stories in here that appear to be original with this book; "Changeling", "Horse From A Different Sea", and "Honeymoon". Also included are "Lady In The Tower", "A Meeting of Minds", "Daughter", "Dull Drums", "Weather On Welladay", "The Thorns of Barevi", "Great Canine Chorus", "Finder's Keeper", "A Proper Santa Claus", "The Smallest Dragonboy" and "Apple". A fair assortment. As she says in the introduction, what she does best is combining sf or fantasy with a love story. (Once in awhile she mucks it up; not only is "Thorns of Barevi" a story to outrage feminists, it's not much of a story on any level. But mostly she succeeds.) Several of the stories are parts of aborted series, and "Honeymoon" goes in her "Helva" series. Personally, I've always liked her two Nora Fenn stories and wish she would get around to making a novel out of them. Her characters tend to be heavy cardboard, but they're mostly enjoyable to read about anyway. (67)

SONGS OF STARS AND SHADOWS, by George R. R. Martin (Pocket Books, \$1.75) Includes "This Tower of Ashes", "Patrick Henry, Jupiter, and the Little Red Brick Spaceship", "Men of Greywater Station", "The Lonely Songs of Laren Dorr", "Night of the Vampyres", "The Runners", "Night Shift", "...For A Single Yesterday", and "And Seven Times Never Kill Man". Good stories, well crafted, and not particularly memorable. (60)

BOLO, by Keith Laumer (Berkley, \$1.50) A collection of the Bolo stories; "The Night of the Trolls", "Courier", "Field Test", "The Last Command", "A Relic of War" and "Combat Unit". There's a bit more sentimentality than I like personally - especially in regard to machines - but they're good adventure stories. (58)

LEGENDS FROM THE END OF TIME, by Mike Moorcock (Daw #229, \$1.25) Three novelets; "Pale Roses", "White Stars", and "Ancient Shadows", all originally from NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY. The blurb calls them social satire; I've never encountered pretentious satire before but I suppose that's what they must be. The ideas behind the stories are moderately amusing; the stories themselves are dull. (33)

SWORDS & ICE MAGIC, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, \$1.50) Includes "The Sadness of the Executioner", "Beauty and the Beasts", "Trapped In the Shadowland", "The Bait", "Under The Thumbs of the Gods", "Trapped In the Sea of Stars", "The Frost Monster", and "Rime Isle". Once upon a time, there was a series of stories about a big burly barbarian and his smart, sneaky partner. It wasn't a terribly long series, but the characters were interesting and the plots plausible. Then it became popular. And editors wanted more stories, and paid for them, and of course the author wrote them. And gradually the characters became monotonous and the plots implausible, until there were some stories that were mere unexplained events involving unmemorable people. And then then, of course, all these later stories got published, because they were Part Of The Series. It's a shame; I used to like Fafhrd and the Mouser - one of the few series that I could read. (27)

THE FOX WOMAN & OTHER STORIES, by A. Merritt (Avon, \$1.50) Copyrights here run back to 1917, though the first Avon edition was published in 1949 (with a hideous cover that looked like it had been designed for a bad Thorne Smith book). The current cover is a big improvement. I have struggled through a couple of Merritt's novels and given up on the rest. But, surprisingly, I like this collection; the short story form doesn't allow the turgid style he used in his novels. They're all fantasy, mostly of the exotic-adventure type, and they're all top-quality stories. They have a charm that is totally lacking in Merritt's novels, and in most fiction published in that period. Read them. (84)

STAR WARS, by George Lucas (Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.95) Reprint, illustrated with stills from the movie. (I suspect the first edition, without the illustrations, is going to be a Rare Book some day - if it isn't already.) Great movie; book is barely adequate as an adventure novel but a fine memento of the movie.

ICEWORLD, by Hal Clement (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.75) Del Rey seems to be trying, on their classic reprints, to get the original magazine cover art. I like the idea - and this was a striking cover. The book is one of Clement's best; the "Iceworld" is Earth, from the viewpoint of a very different but well-realized alien. (85)

WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM, by Keith Laumer (Berkley, \$1.50) Reprint of one of the better alternate-world adventure novels. (66)

THE LOST CONTINENT, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95) Reprint of an Atlantean fantasy of 1899. It reads well enough for its age, but authors tended to be verbose in those days; even though this sounds more modern than one might think, it's not my type. (49)

A CHOICE OF GODS, by Clifford D. Simak (Berkley, \$1.25) Men with super-powers, aliens, and a few -- gods? Very interesting assortment of characters, though I don't think the plot or the philosophy are up to Simak's best. A good book but not a great one. (61)

THE POWER, by Frank Robinson (Berkley, \$1.75) One of the great novels on psi powers. Plotted like a detective novel, it keeps up the suspense well, and has characters that the reader cares about. Even without the movie, it would be one of the classics. (80)

E PLURIBUS UNICORN, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pocket Books, \$1.50) Sturgeon writes about love in its infinite variety, and he writes very well. This isn't his best collection, but as I said earlier, there is no such thing as a bad Sturgeon story. Includes "The Silken-Swift", "The Professor's Teddy-Bear", "Bianca's Hands", "A Saucer of Loneliness", "The World Well Lost", "It Wasn't Syzygy", "The Music", "Scars", "Fluffy", "The Sex Opposite", "Die, Maestro, Die!", "Cellmate", and "A Way of Thinking". They're all good. (79)

FEAR & TYPEWRITER IN THE SKY, by L. Ron Hubbard (Popular Library, \$1.50) Reprints of two short novels generally considered classics in the field. "Fear" isn't even fantasy, really, but it's a fascinating character study. And "Typewriter" has possibly the best concluding line in the genre, along with a fascinating idea - and generally mediocre writing. The idea makes it a classic. (83)

LUD-IN-THE-MIST, by Hope Mirrlees (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95) Reprinting of a rather enchanting (pun intentional) fantasy; a charming medieval or thereabouts village and its neighboring fairies. Surprisingly, the story is well told and not nearly as stickily sweet as I expected. (74)

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU, by H. G. Wells and Joseph Silva (Ace, \$1.95) Novelization of the latest movie version, done by Silva. Illustrated with shots from the movie. Interestingly, someone who has seen the movie says it changed the finale to provide a happy ending; the novelization here provides more of an ironic ending, though it certainly follows the movie rather than Wells. If you liked the movie you'll presumably like this book. Otherwise, forget it.

THE SIEGE OF WONDER, by Mark Geston (Daw #258, \$1.50) Logic versus imagination; Geston postulates unalterable conflict between them in a future war - and like most creative people he feels that a victory for logic would lead to a crushingly dreary world. Maybe. It's a very poetic book, anyway. (58)

WHIPPING STAR, by Frank Herbert (Berkley, \$1.50) Reprint of one of Herbert's lesser novels. Moody; possibly symbolic. (36)

THE WEAPONS SHOPS OF ISHER, by A. E. van Vogt (Pocket Books, \$1.50) Any novel which starts out with "The Right To Buy Weapons Is The Right To Be Free" can't

be all bad..... As a novelist, van Vogt tends to run cardboard characters thru mazes, occasionally explaining all the twists and turns as the plot progresses and occasionally leaving loose ends. I think this story of Rebellion Against The Empire is one of his best (but possibly I'm prejudiced). (73)

MISSION TO THE STARS, by A. E. van Vogt (Pocket Books, \$1.50) One of his typically convoluted stories of intergalactic intrigue and a superman. Originally titled "The Mixed Men". (46)

THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, \$.50) A novel cobbled together out of 5 shorter stories. Since van Vogt writes better short stories than he does novels, the result is episodic but better than his average. Another intergalactic war. (54)

RED PLANET, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.75) Heinlein's first juvenile, if I recall correctly. It's aimed at younger readers than his later "juveniles"; about the 12-year-old level. For that age, it's excellently done; for an adult it's a bit elementary but still readable. (66)

ROCKET SHIP GALILEO, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.75) And I was wrong up there; this is his first one. It's also for the 12-year-old set (and it's the book on which the movie "Destination Moon" was loosely based - very loosely based). Boy helps build spaceship; typical boys-novel plot with a space ship substituted for the sailboat/glider/whathaveyou of the standard model. Again, very well done for the age level and elementary for the adult (especially now, 30 years after it was first published). (61)

THE WHOLE MAN, by John Brunner (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.50) Reprint of one of Brunner's best adventure novels, made up of three even better novelets. Adventures of the mind. (89)

THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME, by John Brunner (Daw #261) Reprint of one of Brunner's lesser novels; a mystery-adventure about a strange cast for a stranger play. Nicely done; fastpaced and enjoyable, if not great literature. (76)

BORN UNDER MARS, by John Brunner (Ace, \$1.50) Reprint of a fairly standard adventure novel. Not Brunner's worst, but a long way from his best. (53)

THE WINDS OF DARKOVER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, \$1.50) Two novels in her THE WORLD WRECKERS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, \$1.50) Darkover series; Ace seems to be reprinting them in a standard format. Worth your time, if you haven't previously encountered the series.

THE TOWERS OF TORON, by Samuel R. Delaney (Ace, \$1.50) Volumes 2 and 3 of CITY OF A THOUSAND SUNS, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, \$1.50) the Towers series. I'm not sure what the idea is here; the books were originally published separately, then Ace reprinted them as one volume, which is the logical way to do it, and now they're back as separate books again. An enjoyable story if you haven't already read it.

NIGHT OF LIGHT, by Philip José Farmer (Berkley, \$1.50) Reprint of the John Carmody stories; interesting and fairly original interplanetary adventures. (58)

TIME'S LAST GIFT, by Philip José Farmer (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.50) Reprint of a time-travel adventure; competent but fairly standard. (54)

THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES, by Philip José Farmer (Ace, \$1.50) First and second THE GATES OF CREATION, by Philip José Farmer (Ace, \$1.50) books in his series about the Tier Worlds. Nice, fast-paced adventure with super-science and barbarism mixed. Setting is bizarre and mostly wasted; plot is adequate but nothing extra. Good time-wasters if you have the time to spend.

UNDERSEA FLEET, by Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.50) UNDERSEA CITY, by Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.50) Volumes 2 and 3 of the Sub-Sea Academy series. These are juveniles, aimed at about the same age level as RED PLANET and reasonably well done for that age. Not recommended for adults. (37)

THE LEGION OF SPACE, by Jack Williamson (Pocket Books, \$1.50) One of the really old ones; copyright 1935. When it first appeared, it was a marvelous adventure; today it tends to creak a bit. John Star, the ostensible hero, is so pure and noble that he arouses no sympathy at all; the only good modern character in the book is the comic relief, Giles Habibula. The veteran fan should read this one at some time or other out of a sense of history - and try to restrain your impulse to laugh at the wrong time.

THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, \$1.75) Another movie souvenir book; illustrated with stills from what looks like a very bad movie.

CONAN (Ace, \$1.95) Robert E. Howard, L. Sprague de Camp, and Lin Carter are variously listed as authors; the books are #1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 of Ace's reprint of the Conan series. (#11 was reviewed last time and I seem to have missed #8 and 10) These are the same books that Lancer published, and which went into lawsuit upon Lancer's demise; now available again. When I first encountered Conan, I thought the stories were pretty miserable; after I'd read some of the imitations I had a better opinion of them. Mostly they're sheer wish-fulfillment fantasy (male variety). And they have the distinction of being the original barbarian which others imitate.

THE HOUR OF THE DRAGON, by Robert E. Howard (Berkley, \$1.95) This seems to be the first book in a rival Conan series, edited by Karl Edward Wagner and featuring the Conan stories exactly as originally published in WEIRD TALES, discrepancies and all. For purists, I suppose. Inside the book is a "full color fold-out poster" of a cover which isn't all that great. Well, you should read some Conan; I doubt if it makes any difference which series you pick from. This particular book is the equivalent of CONAN THE CONQUEROR in the Ace set.

THE VANISHING TOWER, by Michael Moorcock (Daw #245, \$1.25) Fourth and fifth novels in the Elric series. Moorcock was the first author to realize that Conan imitations didn't have to be word for word; that a barbarian hero could be different from the original model. Elric was fascinating at first; eventually I got tired of him, though. Nice cover on BANE.

THE SWORD OF THE DAWN, by Michael Moorcock (Daw #249, \$1.25) Third and fourth books in the Runestaff series. More swords and sorcery; I never found this series anything extra, and Moorcock's endless revisions of his books I find tedious in the extreme.

BRAN THE BARBARIAN, by John Jakes (Pocket Books, \$1.50) These are the sort of books that give swords and sorcery a bad name.

PERRY RHODAN #115 and 116, by Kurt Brand and William Voltz (Ace, \$1.75)
PERRY RHODAN #117 and 118, by K. H. Scheer and Clark Darlton (Ace, \$1.75)
PERRY RHODAN SPECIAL by W. W. Scholz and Atlan #1 by Ernst Vlcek (Ace, \$1.75)
The field's only paperback magazine continues, with two novelets and a letter column in each issue. The Special Release has a Rhodan novelet which fills in a gap between numbers 4 and 5, and the first novelet in a spinoff, companion series. Aimed at juveniles; lots of fast action, competent plotting, and little or no characterization to get in the way of the action.

THE LUCK OF BRIN'S FIVE, by Cherry Wilder (Atheneum, \$7.95) Two marks against this one; it's another opening volume of a series, evidently, and the human "alien" goes from complete ignorance of local customs and language to complete mastery of them far too rapidly to be at all believable. Otherwise it's a fair juvenile adventure plot with a really fine background of an otherworld society. Check your local library for it. (64)

INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE, by Anne Rice (Ballantine, \$1.95) I can see why this is a best-seller; it has the necessary sophistication (or pseudo-sophistication, at least), it's highly emotional, it's long-winded, and it flirts with the "occult sciences" that mundane readers want to believe in. For a fan, it's a slick, slowmoving fantasy, with detailed and original theories of vampiric life. I don't think it even comes close to the quality of Saberhagen's DRACULA TAPES, but then the average mundane would probably be shocked at Saberhagen's humorous treatment; death must be treated seriously and somewhat pompously, as this book does. (And its views of human passion are mostly silly.) (53)

GREYFAX GRIMWALD, by Niel Hancock (Popular Library, \$1.95) These are the four
FARAGON FAIRINGAY, by Niel Hancock (Popular Library, \$1.95) volumes of the
CALIX STAY, by Niel Hancock (Popular Library, \$1.95) "Circle of Light"
SQUARING THE CIRCLE, by Niel Hancock (Popular Library, \$1.95) series. Any author of a juvenile epic who also wants to attract adult readers has a problem; he must walk a tightrope between boring his young readers with too much sophistication and boring the adults with too much simplicity. Hancock keeps falling over on the simple side, both in characterization and dialogue. The series would probably make a lovely continued bedtime story for a 6-year-old, but I can't see it as being of much interest to an adult. It's closer to Mother West Wind than it is to Tolkien.

THE MUMMY, by Carl Dreadstone (Berkley, \$1.25) These are part of the
THE WOLFMAN, by Carl Dreadstone (Berkley, \$1.25) "Universal Horror Lib-
THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, by Dreadstone (Berkley, \$1.25) rary"; they are novel-
DRACULA'S DAUGHTER, by Dreadstone (Berkley, \$1.25) izations of the films
and are copiously illustrated with movie stills. As novels, they aren't all that great, but "Dreadstone", whoever he may be, has done a good job of catching the slightly antique flavor of the films; they're movie mementos rather than stories on their own. (And they have one big fat flaw; anything based as heavily on the movie as these are should include a cast of characters, technicians, etc.) Over all, they're recommended to any horror-movie fans in the audience.

CHARIOTS OF FIRE, by Michel Parry (Popular Library, \$1.50)
THRONE OF FIRE, by Michel Parry & Garry Rusoff (Popular Library, \$1.50)
Another category of fiction; saucer fiction? Van Daniken fiction? These are being marketed for the same audience that bought CHARIOTS OF FIRE - the covers make them look like typical "non-fiction" saucer books, and the average reader of that sort of crap has difficulty in separating fact from fiction anyway. The stories themselves aren't that bad; the plot of a barbarian tribe given advanced scientific knowledge from "outside" is an old and respectable plot in science fiction. If you can forget that the tribe is supposed to be South American (because the paleontology is as bad here as it is in the non-fiction accounts) the action moves along nicely, the hero is a little more accurately portrayed than most fictional barbarians, and the dialog and description are no worse than they are in Brak or numerous other swords-and-sorcery novels. These are the first two books of a series; if you like s&s series, ignore the covers and try them.

TERROR!, by Peter Haining (A & W Visual Library, \$6.95) Subtitled "A History of Horror Illustrations From The Pulp Magazines", which covers it pretty well. The text isn't all that great, but the choice of illustrations is good. They're copied from the magazines rather than from the originals, so the quality isn't all that high, but they're interesting nevertheless. (And sometimes the research is not too good. A cover of FANTASY FICTION is shown, with "artist unkown"; if Mr.

Haining had bothered to look at the contents page of the magazine, he would have seen the credit given to Bill Stone.) So, ignore the text and enjoy the pictures; if you're not a fan of artwork, ignore the whole thing.

PROFILES OF THE FUTURE, by Arthur C. Clarke (Popular Library, \$1.50) The title covers it; this is composed of science articles on the future done for various publications. The possibilities - and impossibilities - of matter transmission, space travel, antigravity, etc. Popular science very well done.

EARTH, OUR CROWDED SPACESHIP, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, \$1.75) The problems of overpopulation, energy, ecology, etc. A bit superficial, since the book is about half text and half photographs, but well enough done within its limits. Fans should already know most of it; the general populace doesn't.

LETTERS TO STAR TREK, by Susan Sackett (Ballantine, \$1.95) A samplings of the letters received by the studio, running the gamut from inane ~~to/10/10/10/10~~ (sorry, Devra) to intelligent. Mostly, the excerpts seem to be from the letters of small children; the sort of thing that most adults find "cute" (and which afflicts me with instant nausea). Sackett is Roddenberry's personal secretary; she seems to be an improvement over the one he had when we were out there in '68. The book doesn't have to be touted to Trekkies. For stf fans....possibly. It shows an interesting cross-section of humanity, if nothing else.

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN: STRANGER IN HIS OWN LAND, by George Edgar Slusser (Borgo Press, \$1.95). I reviewed the first edition awhile back and didn't like it very well; this has been rewritten and seems, at least from a brief skimming, to be considerably improved. (Though I still don't agree with a lot of it; I certainly can't see **TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE** as a "keystone" of anything; the man was simply tidying up his desk drawers and throwing everything into what was intended to be his final book.) Still, fans will be arguing over Heinlein for years to come; here's one opinion, fairly well buttressed.

SUPERMAN: SERIAL TO CEREAL, by Gary Grossman (Popular Library, \$3.95 or \$2.25) Depending on which size you want; first edition was in 8-1/2 x 11 size, which shows off the photos better. Later edition is in standard pb size. Background of all the movie/tv versions of Superman, and of all the actors who played in them, with shots not only from Superman flicks but from the various other movies those actors appeared in; everything from "Prince of Pirates" to "Gone With The Wind". Recommended for movie fans - but get the first edition if possible.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN, by Stan Lee (Pocket Books, \$1.95) A paperback comic book, containing (I guess) reprints of the original Spider-Man comics. The color work is better than in the original; better paper and printing. Pictures are, of course, a lot smaller; not being a comics fan I couldn't say how important this is to the aficionado.

CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?, by Erich Von Däniken (Berkley, \$1.25) Reprint of the book that began a new trend in pseudo-science. One should read it; it's stupid, but it's been remarkably influential.

WITHOUT A TRACE, by Charles Berlitz (Doubleday, \$7.95) More disappearances and some wilder speculations (underwater UFOs and the like). Quite interesting - not terribly believable, but interesting.

OUR INCREDIBLE CIVIL WAR, by Burke Davis (Ballantine, \$1.75) Accounts of unusual incidents and coincidents in the Civil War. I had hopes it would turn up lots of interesting facts that I hadn't encountered before - but it didn't. Maybe I'm better read than I thought, but the "oddities" are mentioned in most other books on the war; they're just concentrated here.

THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA, 1864, by Samuel Carter III (Ballantine, \$1.95) History of the siege from a southern point of view. Very thorough; reasonably well told. Recommended to history buffs like me.

WE ALMOST LOST DETROIT, by John G. Fuller (Ballantine, \$1.95) A factual book on

nuclear disaster. As far as the Detroit accident is concerned, the more accurate title would have been "There was a faint possibility we might have lost Detroit" - but that doesn't sell books. The more serious Chalk River and Windhaven disasters are also covered (Windhaven at least proving that the US government isn't the only one which lies to its citizens). This is sensationalism, but there are real and disquieting facts presented, too. Recommended.

THE ROAD TO RAMADAN, by Mohamed Heikal (Ballantine, \$1.95) The background of the October War, given from the Egyptian side. Not too much of a case can be made for a ruler who says the object of fighting is not to gain territory but to bleed the enemy (and who screams for a ceasefire as soon as he starts losing ground) but Heikal tries. There is a remarkable amount of doublethink in the Arab world. (There are also interesting items which didn't make the papers, such as the dictator of Libya's order to an Egyptian submarine commander to to out and sink the "Queen Elizabeth II", which was carrying some wealthy U.S. Jews to Israel. Fortunately, the commander radioed Cairo first.) The book is somewhat long-winded, but interesting.

REAL LIFE, by Michael Lesy (Pantheon, \$7.95) I bought this on the strength of the author's previous book, WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP. This one isn't as good, and the author's prejudices and affected artiness are more evident, but it's still a good book and well worth the money. It consists of (unidentified) photographs of Louisville in the 1920s, with text taken from newspaper stories, court cases, industrial reports of the time, and the author's interviews with Louisville citizens. An excellent slice of slightly biased history. Recommended,

THE PRIDE OF BEAR CREEK, by Robert E. Howard (Don Grant, \$7.00) A second collection of the "Breckenridge Elkins" stories, illustrated by Tim Kirk. I'm not terribly enthused about Howard's version of rustic humor, but once in awhile it gets funny. 7 stories, mostly published originally in 1935 and 1936.

THE SHERIFF OF JACK HOLLOW, by Lee Hoffman (Dell, \$1.25) Somewhat more modern western humor, with the sheriff's sweetheart masterminding a bank robbery and then everyone going after the money. Plot sounds like it might have been aimed at the movies. Not Lee's best, but a fair amount of fun.

THE FANCHER TRAIN, by Amelia Bean (secondhand) Ms. Bean writes historical novels of the west. She's had one on the Lincoln County War; this is about the wagon train which was massacred at Mountain Meadows. Her history isn't quite as accurate as something like Furniss's THE MORMON CONFLICT, but then it's not nearly as dry, either, and it gives a far more personal view of what it might have been like to live in those days. Recommended. (And if anyone sees a copy of Bean's novel of the Graham-Tewkesbury feud, I want it. I have one installment of it in an old SATURDAY EVENING POST, so all I know is that it exists. In fact, I want any Bean books except this and A TIME FOR OUTRAGE.)

THE WEST END HORROR, by Nicholas Meyer (Ballantine, \$1.75) Meyer's story SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK, by D. R. Bensen (Ballantine, \$1.50) is the second of his Holmes novels in which the Great Detective becomes involved with famous personalities of history; George Bernard Shaw, Bram Stoker and Ellen Terry among others in this one. And, unlike the first, the plot is a fairly good murder mystery. Don Bensen has adapted Alvin Sapinsley's tv screenplay to novel form; it features Professor Moriority (who is treated as a sort of Irish Fu Manchu) and Irene Adler (who is treated as the love of Holmes' life). It made a good movie; it's a fair book. Both mildly recommended.

CRIME PAYS, by Thomas Plate (Ballantine, \$1.75) Factual account of the money to be made in burglary, drugs, hijacking, prostitution, car theft, etc. And the odds against getting caught, which the author points out are very good for the professional criminal. (And a few notes on what crimes to commit; the burglar makes more money than the bank robber, on the average, and has far less risk of being caught.) Plate is a long way from the best writer I've encountered, but he has an interesting subject.

STAR WARS CALENDAR (Ballantine, \$4.95) A big square calendar, pretty well divided between publicity stills and blowups of actual film clips. The latter are a bit fuzzy but are not the same pictures you see in every article about SW. Nice shots of the principals on the cover, including Harrison Ford at his mercenary best. A minor drawback would be that none of the holidays, special occasions, etc., are marked, but you're getting this for the photos anyway, and there is a good sampling of them; 12 plus the cover and a centerpage spread of C3PO. Good printing.

THE CITY OUTSIDE THE WORLD, by Lin Carter (Berkley, \$1.50) For an editor who enthuses over exotic vocabularies, Carter certainly hits a lot of clinkers in his own work. Time and again he builds up a mood of wonder and then ruins it with a phrase that doesn't fit at all. Basically this is imitation Leigh Brackett or Emmett McDowell; the Mars of dust, thin but breathable air, and Martians who have sunk from ancient superscience into barbarism. Reasonably well plotted (except that there is no reason whatsoever for the heroine to leave the hero to die on the plateau; anyone with the intelligence she's supposed to have would have realized what would happen and would either have killed him outright - thus ending the story - or taken him along with her so he couldn't talk.) Other than this gaping hole in the logic, it's a fair exotic-adventure story. I enjoyed it, tho I'd have enjoyed it more with an intelligent heroine. (55)

MONSTERS AND MEDICS, by James White (Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.50) One short novel, "Second Ending", and a half-dozen short stories; "Counter Security", "Dogfight", "Nuisance Value", "In Loving Memory", "The Apprentice", and "Answer Came There None". Quality varies; "In Loving Memory" has nothing but a moderately interesting alien ecology, while "Counter Security" is a lovely and original alien-contact story and the others are in all shades of quality in between. Mostly, they're good stories and worth reading if you didn't see them in the magazines. Not White's best, but still recommended. (59)

CITY ON THE EDGE OF FOREVER (Bantam, \$1.95) These are "Fotonovel" #1 and 2. **WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE** (Bantam, \$1.95) Star Trek fumetti, in other words; and the idea is so logical I'm surprised nobody thought of it earlier. Nicely reproduced color shots of the films, and enough dialog to carry the story. I assume some comicbook writer got the job of assembling them, but no credit is given. They're excellent souvenirs of the shows, and the price isn't too bad for approx. 150 pages of color photography.

DARK ENCOUNTER, by Florence Stevenson (Signet, \$1.50) Another of her funny gothics, though not as good as her top three efforts. This one reads a bit like the Kitty Telefair series; similar heroine from an old and distinguished family of witches, etc. But anything that can end with a line about "the formerly late Lucian Cary" is worth reading. Don't be fooled by the traditional gothic cover; this is nicely unserious and fun to read. And a genuine fantasy. (76)

CASTLE BAREBANE, by Joan Aiken (Pocket Books, \$1.95) More of a traditional historical romance/gothic; a missing brother, lonely Scots castle, mad killer, and all. But it's put together a trifle better than the average.

THE NABOB'S WIDOW, by Elsie Lee (Dell, \$1.75) Lee manages to outdo Heyer in this one - absolutely nothing of import happens throughout the entire course of the book, but the froth is humorous, enjoyable, and the closest thing Heyer fans are going to get any more. One of the best of the humorous Regency romances.

SEASON OF EVIL, by Elsie Lee (Dell, \$1.50) A more typical gothic; heroine betrayed by her husband, etc. Lee's heroines are considerably more self-reliant than the average, which is why I like them. Coincidence runs rampant, but there's enough action and characterization to carry the book along.

HORSETHIEF HOLE, by Robert Ames Bennet (Secondhand) I got this because Don Grant reprinted a Bennet fantasy which was pretty good and I thought this might be one, too. It's not; it's one of the worst westerns I ever read in my life. If you happen to run across a copy, avoid it like the plague.